

Athena M. Allen.



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**1939**

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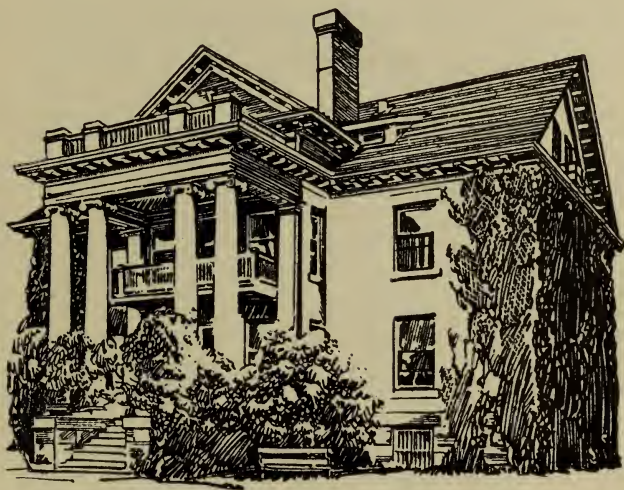
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# VOX FLUMINIS



*When over the fair fame of friend or foe  
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead  
Of words of blame or proof of thus and so,  
Let something good be said.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.



WINNIPEG, CANADA

Vancouver, 21st March, 1939.

My dear Girls of Riverbend:

In a recent letter from the Editor, I was informed that you intended dedicating to me the 1939 edition of the School Magazine. While fully realizing that such an honor is not deserved by me, I can but thank you all for the kindness which prompted this thought, and express to you my gratitude and appreciation, which I now sincerely do.

Five months have elapsed since I said good-bye to you; sometimes it seems like five years ago, but that impression I attribute to my somewhat blank and detached state of mind. The feeling is in no sense due to forgetfulness of you, as you were, and as you have been depicted in the numerous school activities of which I have received good news from time to time. I am hopeful that some day I may again witness a Riverbend Dramatic performance, a Gym Display or a Graduation ceremony.

I understand that you are planning a special number of *Vox Fluminis*, celebrating the Tenth Anniversary of its publication and I sincerely share your hope that this issue will be the most successful yet in every way, and that it will serve as an incentive to still greater achievement in the future, which will see the development of Riverbend's ever increasing activities and the maintenance of its high standard.

With affectionate greeting and best wishes to one and all.

Very sincerely yours,

CATHIE M. LAING.





TO Miss Cathie Laing, whose help and friendship has, in past years, meant so much to Riverbend and to us all, this edition of *Vox Fluminis* is lovingly dedicated.



#### STAFF

Back Row—Miss Andrews, Miss Blakely, Miss McHattie, Miss Moffat, Miss Anderson, Miss Burns, Mrs. Price, Miss McInnis, Miss Stuart, Miss Sigurdson.

Front Row—Miss MacKinnon, Miss Shepley, Miss Edgar, Miss Gregory, Miss Carter (Head-mistress), Miss Grant, Mrs. Campbell, Miss McLeod.

Absent—Mrs. Munroe.



#### SCHOOL COUNCIL

Back Row—Eleanor MacInnes, Ruby Benidickson, Marion Booth, Beverley Elsey, Barbara Allan, Eileen Gray, Janet Edgar, Elizabeth Gilchrist, Anna May Coghill.

Middle Row—Margaret Bennett, Catherine Bingeman, Margaret Dowler, Mary Harris (Head Girl), Roberta Jean McQueen, Virginia Lee Hopper.

Front Row—Mary McLeod, Anne Colyer, Betty Johnston, Marguerite McDonald, Joyce Johnston.



# VOX FLUMINIS

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....	ANNA MAY COGHILL	Photography and Humor.....	MARY ELIZABETH EDGAR
Assistant Editors..	{BARBARA ALLAN ELOISE EDMOND	Social.....	BEVERLEY ELSEY
Business	{SHIRLEY CRUIKSHANK	Sports.....	PHYLLIS CHESTER
Managers...	SIDNEY FLANDERS		

## Room Representatives:

Grade XII .....	VIRGINIA HOPPER	Grade VIII.....	MARIE BOND
Grade X.....	MARY McLEOD	Grade VII.....	ELEANOR SOUTH
Grade IX.....	WINNIFRED RUTH McINTYRE		

## Editorial

THE *Vox Fluminis* has once more been edited, printed, and published. We wish to thank all the magazine contributors for the willing assistance they have given us this year. We would also like to thank the firms who have placed their advertisements in our magazine, and who have been so generous in supporting us.

This year is the Tenth Anniversary of Riverbend. Looking back, we see the great changes that have taken place since this institution was begun. Our school has been established on firm ground and nothing will retard its progress. This year there are one hundred and fifty-three girls in the school and the number of Teaching Staff has increased to seventeen. We have had to separate Grades I and II, as the room was too small for the two grades. Miss Andrews, an exchange teacher in place of Miss Crawshaw, has taken over Grade I. (We had hoped to have a letter from Miss Crawshaw to print in the *Vox Fluminis* telling us about her life in England, but unfortunately her letter did not arrive in time). Miss Blakely has taken charge of Grade II.

Yes, there have been many additions to Riverbend, but there is a space in our ranks this year—Miss Laing has gone to Victoria to take a long-needed rest. We cannot express the deep regret we feel at her departure, for she had a great influence in making Riverbend what it is today. Miss McHattie has joined us to take over Miss Laing's duties as secretary, and we wish her every success.

Riverbend has lived for ten years and with the school has grown our *Vox Fluminis*. Now that we are beginning another decade, we, of this year's graduating class, pass on the Torch that keeps Riverbend and the *Vox Fluminis* alive.

## *Principal's Letter*



Dear Girls:

This year Riverbend reaches its tenth milestone. As a school that is a very youthful age, and we are grateful to those who, by their loyal support, have brought Riverbend thus far on its journey. Only by hard work and the absolute loyalty of pupils and staff can we expect it to reach the next milestone with unsullied honor and a reputation for good work.

We are going through difficult times for the Empire and for us all; and many of us are inclined to despair and to be critical of those who, in positions of grave responsibility, are doing their best to preserve the peace of the world. It is easy to be despondent and to think that world affairs can never before have been in such desperate straits. I read the following recently, and I thought it worth repeating to you.

### "THEY WERE ALL WRONG"

William Pitt said: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."

Wilberforce said in the early 1800's: "I dare not marry, the future is so dark and unsettled."

Lord Grey in 1819 believed everything was "tending to a convulsion."

The Duke of Wellington on the eve of his death (1851) "thanking God he would be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that was gathering around."

Disraeli (1840): "In industry, commerce and agriculture, there is no hope."

Queen Adelaide said she had "only one desire, to play the part of Marie Antoinette with bravery in the Revolution that was coming on England."

Lord Shaftesbury said (1848): "Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck."

We got through then—and shall do so again. So why jitter ?

So let us keep our faith and trust that all things will work out for the best possible good for everyone.

Yours affectionately,

MAY CARTER.



## Tenth Anniversary



A quiet hush pervaded all,  
The evening winds blew cold;  
As whispering elm trees lithe and tall  
This lovely story told.

How in this place—ten years ago,  
Beneath these spreading boughs  
A group of happy girls had dreamed  
The dreams that youth arouse.

For ten sweet years had gay young girls  
Learned here the right and good.  
And now, with tender grace had reached  
The age of womanhood.

For ten years thus, upon these lawns  
Had echoed laughter clear.  
The radiant light of comradeship  
Had shone from year to year.

For Riverbend has offered all,  
Great joy in goodly store.  
And may she to young school-girls call  
For ten times ten years more!

MARIE BOND, Grade VIII,  
Garry Hall.

# CLASS NOTES

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## GRADE XII

Now make way for seven Grade  
Twelves;  
We're going to tell you about ourselves.

There's Margaret Dowler, Grade XII  
clown,  
How she loves to truck on down!

In Literature we have one star:  
Joyce, the brainy, leads by far.

Virginia dreams of far-away cities,  
And tries to improve on current ditties.

Nora's quite a scholarly girl,  
But wrapped up in a social whirl.

Inevitably there's a chorus of wails  
When fair Barbara breaks her nails.

We authors hide ourselves in shame,  
And simply won't divulge our name.

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Although their names we quickly  
guessed,  
Such modesty should be suppressed.

Eleanor is petite and gay.  
At rhyming words she works away.

Natalie's our Hedy Lamarr.  
At sketching she's right up to par.

We leave Miss Edgar with great regret,  
And Riverbend we'll not forget!

## GRADE XI-G

### QUIZ OF HIDDEN NAMES

- Who in the LaB ALL ANswers knows?
- Who can give information about London, Greece and PeRU BY by reading every London Times?
- Who is it whose throbBEN'NERves were all a-jitter when Nelson Eddy came to town?
- Who was reared from the good old pioneer days when her ancestors lived in a log caBIN, Grew pota-toes and fought' the Indians?
- Who has grown so tall that she is beyond reCOgnition?
- Who turns out in a new color every day—orchid, fuchsia, eCRU? (I Know you'll get that one!)
- Who is iS IDEal for thinking up all the pranks that go on in Grade XI?
- Who is the mirth-maker whose loud "Har-HAR" RISEs above all other voices in class.
- Who, in soul a horse-lover, never uses a curB EVEN when her horse is beyond control?
- Who is always tidy and so neat that her books and desk gleaM CLEAN-ly?
- Who imagines she is dUMBER Than all the rest of us, but usually manages to get marks that she needn't blush about?
- Who can sew, prepare a meal and cooK IT, TYpical of a future housewife (!!)?

## GRADE XI-M

**RIVERBEND FEMALE ESCORT  
BUREAU (GIGGLETTES)**

*Margaret Bennett*—blue eyes—black hair—cooks, sews, and is the original mermaid.

*Phyllis Chester*— $\text{CaSO}_4 \cdot \frac{1}{2}\text{H}_2\text{O}$  complexion—raven (?)—black hair—adores Gym but if spelt Jim, she won't fret.

*Eloise Edmond*—black hair—blue eyes—five foot two—fetching smile—temperamental, but oh, so cute!

*Beverley Elsey*—rosy complexion—hazel eyes—curly brown hair—giggles with or without reason.

*Eileen Gray*—grey-blue eyes—light brown hair—athletic—dances like a dream—guaranteed to liven up the party.

*Joan Heaslip*—naughty blue eyes—dark brown hair—husky voice—no man hater.

*Mary Irvine*—light brown hair—laughing brown eyes—tip-tilted nose—hangs out of windows and reads Noel Coward by the hour.

*Maria Kipp*—fair hair—blue eyes—proven at the bureau to be very much in demand and incidentally very entertaining—phone 403 421.

*Joan Macarthur*—light brown hair—blue eyes—knows all the answers—dresses like a million and is a million.

*Phyllis MacCharles*—black hair—black eyes—loves a good joke—guaranteed to teach you what you don't know.

*Ethna Mitten*—Irish colleen—measures up to requirements—dark brown eyes and hair—and if you're the talkative type—

*Betty Slater*—light brown hair—blue eyes—plays the piano—and a mean game of badminton.

*Bertha Welsh*—tall—green eyes—auburn hair—excels at singing—probably good at serenading.

*Skipper Moffat*—blue eyes—black hair—provocative smile—the old saying applies here—"A bow on the neck is worth two on the hat."

## GRADE X

Here is Grade Ten—Miss Shepley's room;

To make us ladies is her doom!

With many a tumble and many a spill,  
Mary McLeod skis down the hill.

Our other Mary, a Garry-ite,  
Is never known to start a fight.

Betty and Shirley, the industrious two,  
Are clever because of the homework they do.

Janet and Glo play basketball,  
And win the game for York, their Hall.

Dory is a whiz on skates,  
And she is always swamped with dates.

Polly and Ann, our American friends,  
Introduce to us the newest trends.

Frances and Nibby just love to draw;  
Their work has never a single flaw.

And there's our clever, witty Joyce,  
Who longs to drive her own Rolls-Royce.

Maureen, our boarder from the East,  
In class is neither last nor least.

June excels at every game

And for herself has made great fame.

Marg's voice is high, her legs are long,  
And you should hear her hum a song!

Joanie M. is a clever gal  
And she is everybody's pal.

Our camera-fiend whose name is Joan  
Is always talking on the 'phone.

Barbara was a hockey fan  
Until she met another man.

Pine Falls' gift to our fair class  
Is Rosme S., the brilliant lass.

Esther is our redhead true,  
And she's a good musician, too.

Ruth's heart is not in this fair town;  
It's where her love has settled down.

Dorothy and Phyl, beginners on skates  
Are slowly learning their figure eights.

When all of this is said and done,  
We know we've had a lot of fun;

So down we put our weary pen,

We have presented our Grade Ten.



## GRADE IX

THE rollicking, rapturous, ready but  
ravishing residents of Room Six,  
from their rendezvous in Riverbend  
School report thus to you:  
Fifteen rare beauties are we,  
Enrolled thus with Miss Greg-or-ee:

Loquacious Lorna  
Mystic Marion  
Beamy Betty  
Model Marion

Calm Carol  
Maestro Marjorie  
Bothersome Barbara  
Fanciful Flo  
Happy Helen  
Winsome Winnie  
Discreet Doris  
Mischievous Mona  
Sunny Shirley  
Merry Margaret  
Energetic Eileen

## GRADE VIII

The Scene—Grade VIII classroom,  
The Topic—you've guessed!  
Each pupil's discussing  
The thing she likes best.

"Horses!" says Gilchrist.  
Pickard says, "Bach."  
"Quiet!" says 'Megan,'  
"I want to talk."

"Shows!" cries Virginia.  
"Dancing!" yells Lee.  
"Swimming," shouts Francis,  
"And diving for me."

"C'mon, kids!" says Harris,  
"Let's have some fun!"  
"I can't," says Marie,  
"My work isn't done."

"Drawing!" shouts Jessie.  
"Canines!" for Tritt.  
But as for Miss Crapper—  
She just loves to knit.

"Biscuits!" says Ivey.  
"Skiing!" shouts Lear.  
And Helen Palk murmurs,  
"My spelling!—Oh dear!"

The talking so loud  
Is stilled with a "Hush!"  
As our Miss McLeod  
Comes in with a rush.

So back to our books  
We creep with disgust  
To study our History  
And Maths, 'cos we must.

## GRADE VII

Miss MacKinnon loves to say,  
"Bonjour mes enfants," every day.

Nancy is our little "Pudge,"  
She does her work without a grudge.

Jean, our baby, still enjoys  
Her oft-brought candies, nuts, and toys.

Doreen makes the boys all stare,  
She's got a permanent in her hair.

Betty is a bright, wee one,  
She still keeps working when class is  
done.

Mildred is a rugby fan,  
Fritzie Hanson is her man.

Jean Lockhart is a lucky lass,  
She gets a ride home after class.

Lois is our guider true,  
She wears a dress of navy blue.

Joycie is a peppy kid,  
Of all our troubles she gets rid.

Kitty's our "Professor Quiz,"  
At asking questions she's a whiz.

Kathleen's puppet, called "Ferdinand,"  
She loves to move with her clever hand.

Eleanor is our jitterbug true  
She can truck and shag, and suzy-Q.

Ruthie just adores the screen  
Her favorite star is Richard Greene.

Helen is a tricky gal,  
Doreen Gibson is her pal.

## PREFECTS

*(With abject apologies to Gertrude Stein)*

and he said what are those six imposing obelisks on the bench and we said oh those are prefects and he said whats that and we said a prefect is a prefect is a prefect and he said thank you and what do they do. well we said theres mary—she rides—that is a horse—and she plays—that is pianos and xylophones—and she goes to horse shows all week and still gets good marks in her exams and she laughs and laughs and her eyes disappear when she laughs and she is the chief obelisk. and then theres margaret like bottled sunshine she makes beautiful pictures on ice and gallops around the basketball floor and makes charts and other heiroglyphics to keep everything running smoothly on sports day. and speaking of galloping over the basketball floor we said there is roberta jean too. do poised and dignified obelisks do things like that he said well we said you might have a different idea if you saw her at the end of a latin exam or watched her in a fiery debate with rupert's land appearances are deceiving we said. and will I also be deceived by the one with the ladylike air and the sense of humor behind her glasses he said oh no we said that is virginia she has a southern

accent and knows about far-away places like morocco she hasnt been here as long as the others we said but she has been given great responsibility notwithstanding. those are long words he said why dont you use short ones alas we said we are about to describe someone who likes long words and uses them indiscriminately. that will be the black haired one he said yes catherine we said she has slight difficulties with mathematics but her laugh machinery works overtime we said and when we need entertainment she obligingly turns into blind girls or princes or something. and the very straight obelisk with the bright cheeks she will have a good sense of humor too he said oh we said that is our other margaret she spells in a most peculiar manner but we couldnt get along without our cook book and general sewing reference we said.

and he said thats all very well he said to have them so well described but I still dont understand what a prefect is and we said well we told you once and we never repeat for repetition is the most deadly of all the deadly sins but since you are so forgetful we tell you once again a prefect is a prefect is a prefect is a prefect we said.

## DIARY OF RIVERBEND ACTIVITIES

### Third Term, 1937-38

MAY 18—Sports' Day.

MAY 19—Old Girls' Day.

MAY 27—Lilac Tea.

JUNE 1—Grade X luncheon for the graduates.

JUNE 10—Kindergarten closing exercises.

JUNE 12—Commencement at St. Andrews, Oak Street.

JUNE 15—Closing and prize-giving. Dance for the graduates.

### First Term, 1938-39

SEPT. 8—School opened.

SEPT. 23—House picnics.

SEPT. 28—Sports' Day.

OCT. 24—Illustrated lecture on British Columbia by Mr. Humphrey.

OCT. 28—Hallowe'en parties.

NOV. 18—Basketball game — Rupert's Land vs. Riverbend.

DEC. 2—Basketball game—St. Mary's vs. Riverbend.

DEC. 19—Illustrated lecture on Astronomy by Mrs. Taylor.

DEC. 21—Christmas holidays.

### Second Term

JAN. 9—School re-opened.

JAN. 27—Senior play.

FEB. 2—Nelson sisters' concert at Rupert's Land.

FEB. 10—Junior Basketball game with Rupert's Land.

FEB. 17—Basketball game with St. Mary's.

FEB. 21—Illustrated lecture on the Postal System by Mr. Jenkins.

MARCH 3—Junior Basketball game with St. Mary's.

MARCH 9—Debate at Rupert's Land.

MARCH 17—Basketball game with Rupert's Land.

MARCH 28—Illustrated lecture, "With the Nascopie to the Top of the World," by the Rev. W. G. Martin.

APRIL 3—Interhouse basketball games.

APRIL 5—Easter holidays.

### Third Term

APRIL 17—School re-opened.

APRIL 25—Gymnasium Display.





# PHYSICAL EDUCATION

**P**HYSICAL education has been found to be a very necessary part of the school programme. Exercise is necessary for everyone and without it good food and plenty of sleep will not make for the best of health.

Good posture is also of vital importance, as, unless the body is held in a straight, uncramped position, it cannot work efficiently.

Our aim at Riverbend is to provide the necessary exercise and at the same time to develop coordination of body and mind, and to make an easy upright carriage part of every girl's equipment for life.

E. M. ANDERSON.

## GYM DISPLAY

**T**HIS year's gym display continued Riverbend's reputation for well-planned and well-carried-out events. Under the leadership of Miss Anderson and Miss Lloyd the complete co-operation of the girls was obtained. Bright costumes added to the charm of the folk dancing of the junior grades and their tumbling was well done. In the senior grades, the pyramids, marching, exercises and apparatus work won the approval of the audience. The second half of the program consisted of dancing, rhythmically performed by the senior girls and the special junior classes. The program closed with a grand march in which the girls wore the colors and formed the initials of their respective houses.

A.C.

it turned out to be a thoroughly satisfactory afternoon for all concerned.

Upon reviewing previous meets it seems that York Hall had almost always come out on top. This year, however, the Senior Sports Cup was captured by Nelson, a new house last year. Nelson won the senior events by a comparatively large margin, with forty-two points to her credit, while Garry was successful in winning the Junior Sports Cup. Any of you readers who are interested enough to have read this far will likely want to see the complete results, so here they are:

SENIOR EVENTS		JUNIOR EVENTS	
Nelson	42	Garry	42
Douglas	30	York	28
York	25	Douglas	17
Garry	23	Nelson	5

M.D.

## SPORTS DAY

**P**ROBABLY one of the most outstanding sports events of this year was the Interhouse Field Meet, held the first week in October. Warm sunshine and perfect autumn weather held sway and many parents and friends were present. The participants, who included all those from kindergarten to grade twelve, did their utmost to gain points for their houses. Everyone took part in at least one event, whether it was the potato race, the basketball throw, or the high jump; and all in all

## BASKETBALL

**O**NE of the most popular sports at Riverbend is basketball — one grand game, worthy of our new and athletic gym mistress, Margaret E. Anderson's able instruction. Twice a week — Tuesdays and Thursdays after four-thirty — bright eyed, rosy cheeked, and enthusiastic groups of eager young "ladies" gather around Miss Anderson in our splendid gym, for competent tutoring before a "warm" game. Both the teams and the spectators enjoyed the exciting games with Ru-

pert's Land and St. Mary's for which the following are the scores:

Nov. 18, at Rupertsland—1st Team, Riverbend (6) vs. Rupertsland (24).

2nd Team, Riverbend (16) vs. Rupertsland (26).

Dec. 2, at Riverbend—1st Team, Riverbend (13) vs. St. Mary's (22).

2nd Team, Riverbend (8) vs. St. Mary's (24).

Feb. 17, at St. Mary's—1st Team, Riverbend (5) vs. St. Mary's (54).

2nd Team, Riverbend (26) vs. St. Mary's (51).

March 17, at Riverbend—1st Team, Riverbend (10) vs. Rupertsland (8).

2nd Team, Riverbend (4) vs. Rupertsland (6).

E.G.

### INTERHOUSE BASKETBALL

THE Interhouse Basketball games were run off this year on March 31st and April 4th. Douglas took an

easy 22 to 2 victory over Nelson, while York defeated Garry 11 to 2. The finals were played off then between York and Douglas. It was a close game and both teams showed plenty of fighting, do or die. York turned in their usual good brand of basketball, but they were not good enough for Douglas, who showed much better team work. In the first period York was leading but Douglas in the last two periods set a fast pace and as a result brought the score to 14-5 in favor of Douglas. Both teams fought hard for the rebounds with Roberta Jean McQueen doing stellar work in this department for Douglas. June Lear, the tricky Douglas forward, was their best shooter, collecting most of the points for her house, while Gloria Brown and Janet Edgar made the points for York. Whether it was good basketball or not it was a lot of fun for both teams and proved to be exciting entertainment for the spectators.

M.D.

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL NEWS

THIS year the Riverbend Junior Basketball Team was organized and coached by Miss Anderson. The team practised in their spare period on Wednesdays and at noon and after four-thirty on other week days. The girls

worked hard and played very well, and there are a lot of good players among the grade sevens and eights for the next year team.

The scores were as follows:

DATE	SCHOOLS	WHERE PLAYED	SCORE
Feb. 10—	Riverbend vs. Rupert's Land	Rupert's Land	Rup. 14, Riv. 2
Feb. 17—	Riverbend vs. St. Mary's	St. Mary's	St. M. 34, Riv. 5
Mar. 3—	Riverbend vs. St. Mary's	Riverbend	St. M. 30, Riv. 2
Mar. 17—	Riverbend vs. Rupert's Land	Riverbend	Rup. 18, Riv. 2

N.C.

### RIDING

WITH an air of excitement a large number of girls mounted their horses at the Cambridge Riding Academy last fall, thus starting the riding season. Many girls kept finding that the horse was always going up when they were going down and vice versa; they were looking forward to getting down to *terra firma* again—in the ordinary way. Many an evening meal was eaten from the mantelpiece, but

a few Wednesdays soon changed that.

At the Cambridge Horse Show a Saddle Class for Riverbend riders was included. Out of a large entry, Mary Harris, Beverley Latter and Phyllis Chester came first, second and third respectively. The Harris sisters brought honour to the school by having won the most prizes of the day.

Several girls, undaunted by the rigours of a Manitoba winter, continued to ride. Many thrilling moments were

experienced by the girls who took up the art of jumping. A few of these thrills were felt by one of the new and intrepid riders who decided to mount Dinah, a Shetland pony. But evidently Dinah had different ideas and in a twinkling of an eye the rider was seen emerging from a mud puddle, muttering to herself.

So ended the winter season with all looking forward to more Wednesdays of riding.

B.L.

### SWIMMING

ANY day now should see the Riverbend mermaids in hard practice at the Y.W.C.A., in preparation for the coming Swimming Meet. Once again the four houses—Nelson, York, Garry, and Douglas—will try to prove their prowess against one another. The Interhouse Swimming Meet is held annually in May, and affords a good opportunity for the girls to win points for their houses. In past years the affair has been a marked success, and we are sure no efforts will be spared this year in making the meet one of the best ever.

M.D.

### TENNIS NOTES

TENNIS has become very popular and the girls played as long as the weather permitted on the courts which Westminster Church very kindly allowed us to use. The enthusiasm over tennis has increased so much this past year that we hope to organize tournaments this spring. Regardless of how they play, all the girls should have fun and exercise in this grand sport.

MARY ~~Mackay~~  
McLeod

### BADMINTON

THE badminton this year was rather late in getting started, but our playing has definitely improved since that time. Every Saturday morning there have been doubles round robins followed by several rounds of singles. Many of our players, especially the younger ones, are just beginners and

it has been very interesting to watch them master the simple shots and attempt the more intricate ones. While this is going into print we will be challenging the staff to play us in doubles.

E.E.

### SKATING

SKATING is a great sport. Many people love skating. Everybody should know how to skate. Skating is very popular nowadays. Riverbend has two rinks, one small one and a big one. All over Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden people skate. Some girls from Riverbend were in the Winter Club Carnival in March.

MARY MACKAY.

### SKIING

OF ALL the sports that have been introduced to Riverbend none has ever become so popular as skiing became last winter. We had the great privilege (due to the kindness of Miss Carter) of having Mr. Ted Paris, an expert skier, come to the school twice a week to coach us. The girls were very enthusiastic and spent as much time as could be spared on the slopes. The river bank was used and some of the tracks were exceptionally good. About half the school, both teachers and girls, took to skiing. Not many of them have as yet taken the ski trains to Miami and La Riviere, but next year we hope to see them all on the more advanced hills.

J.E.

### DANCING

THIS year the dancing at Riverbend has been conducted by Miss Gweneth Lloyd, of London, England. Previous to coming here Miss Lloyd studied in England.

Many types of dancing were taught us—creative, interpretive and Greek. The dances presented at the display were highly praised by everyone and even the girls themselves have noticed a great improvement in their dancing style since the beginning of the school year.

E.M.



# ACTIVITIES

## HOUSE NOTES

**T**HIS year the activities of the four houses—York, Garry, Nelson, and Douglas—were varied. The house picnics were held early in the fall and were enjoyed by teachers and girls alike. Keen enthusiasm was shown over Sports Day, the victors being Nelson in the senior events and Garry in the junior events. At Christmas, the members of each house helped a needy family. During the winter term, frequent meetings encouraged the girls to work hard, thus gaining more house points. Before Easter the interhouse basketball games were played. Douglas was successful, defeating York in the finals. Having had a successful year so far, the houses are looking forward to the swimming meet and the Lilac Tea to be held in the summer term.

J.J., M.McD., M.McL., A.C.

## LIBRARY

**F**RESH, crisp pages, the faint aroma of printer's ink and glue, the dimly audible scratch of a pen busily entering names in a thick business-like book—and the inevitable endless stream of girlish chatter—these are only a few of the sights, scents and sounds which hover about our library these days.

Interest in the library has been greatly stimulated this year, thanks to a neat and efficient plan by the Library Committee of the Advisory Council. Through February and the early part of March, books flocked in, while Miss Grant worked conscientiously cataloguing them, and our weekly student librarians helped stack them away on the shelves.

We wish to thank all whose prompt and generous contributions made it pos-

sible for this being one of the most prosperous and interesting years for the Riverbend library.

Thanks are also due to the members of our staff and senior girls of the school whose spontaneous assistance has proved invaluable.

E.E.

## DEBATING

**O**N THURSDAY, March the ninth, excited groups of Riverbenders, were making their way to Rupert's Land—but not for the usual thing—a basketball game. This time it was something new, thrilling, something which had never been tried before in the history of Riverbend. A debate! True, we have had many a debate within Riverbend, but none so important as this challenge from Rupert's Land, "Resolved that tolerance has done and is doing more harm in the world than intolerance."

The two girls representing Riverbend and defending the affirmative were Eileen Gray and Roberta Jean McQueen, with Leslie Florence and Virginia Cameron the "worthy opponents," from Rupert's Land. The three judges were, Mrs. G. V. Ferguson, Mr. E. K. Williams, and Captain J. J. Wilkinson.

So close was the debate and so evenly matched were the two teams, in material, argument, and presentation, that the judges' decision resulted in a draw. The debate excelled in humor and education. As regards the latter, none of us will forget the "paralytic ineptitude" as mentioned in an affirmative refutation.

Above all, we are proud of our two debaters and are firmly aware that they have successfully passed another mile-

stone in the activities of Riverbend. So how about some more friendly debates?  
C.B.

### GLEE CLUB NOTES

EVERY Tuesday afternoon Glee Club is held in our gymnasium.

Our very capable leader and singing instructor this year is Mr. Filmer E. Hubble, prominently known in musical groups throughout Winnipeg.

Miss Maurine Stuart is our pianist this year. During the time that Mr. Hubble has considerably given us we have learned many beautiful songs.  
S.L.

### THE BROWNIES

THE Riverbend Brownies meet every Friday at two o'clock in the Riverbend dining-room. There are eighteen Brownies. The Brownies are divided into groups called "Sixes." Each group has a girl called a "Sixer." The groups are the Elves, the Imps, the Fairies, and the Pixies. We play games and learn the meaning of the different colors and stripes of our flag. The Imps pretend they are Dutch, the Elves are Mexicans, the Fairies, Swedes, and the Pixies are Indians. We are trying to fix our Brownie houses to represent these different countries. We have learned three knots, the reef knot, the sheet bend and the round-turn. Our Brown Owl is Miss McInnis.

JOAN KIRKWOOD.

### GIRL GUIDES

#### 65th Company, Winnipeg

ON SEPTEMBER 29th, at 4 o'clock, we held our first fall meeting with Miss Anderson. The new girls started work for Tenderfoot Badge and the others continued towards Second Class.

During October we went on a most enjoyable cook-out hike to City Park, where we watched the animals, played games and learned to build and tend a fire.

Shortly before Christmas we gathered together some old toys and cleaned and

mended them for Headquarters to send to needy families.

After Christmas, Mrs. Rooke, the District Captain, paid us a visit during which she enrolled some of the girls and showed us different ways of learning Morse Code. Early in March we visited the Rupert's Land Guides at their meeting and spent the afternoon working and playing with them.

Now that the fine weather is here we are looking forward to more hikes and outdoor meetings.

K.R.

### GRADUATION

IT WAS a few minutes past three o'clock and the guests were arriving at Westminster church. Although it was the afternoon of June 15th, there was a decided coolness in the air and the sun had refused to shine all day.

In the back parlor of the church, the entire school from grades one to twelve was anxiously awaiting the appointed hour. Everyone was a bit nervous. Knees were shaking and voices were quivering in soft whispers—but suddenly a hush fell over the room for the tiny grade one's had already begun to lead the procession into the church.

The girls looked so neat and trim in their starched grey summer uniforms, as they walked up the aisle and took their places across the front of the church. Last of all came the graduates, carrying beautiful bouquets of flowers, and looking so very dignified in their long, graceful organdies and chiffons. In striking contrast to these long flowing dresses were the smart white suits worn by the grade twelves.

The graduation ceremony itself was very impressive, the address to the graduates being given by Rev. E. M. Howse. The greater part of the afternoon, however, was given over to the prize-giving. While the children in the lower grades hurried excitedly up to the front for their awards, the graduates moved slowly and demurely.

Following the prize-giving, tea was served in the church hall in honor of the thirty-seven graduates. Although we

were not able to have our garden party, owing to the dull weather, the band was present as usual and played during the tea hour.

But as the saying goes, all good things must come to an end. The guests were beginning to leave a few at a time. It had been a happy afternoon and now it was all over.

M.D.

### THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

THE great day had arrived! The day for which everyone had spent so many exciting hours of preparation. Hallowe'en! Due to the fact that the junior grades held their celebrations in the afternoon, one was not surprised to find shepherdesses, Indian maidens and many other story book people peeking at one from behind doors and around corners.

The gym. was the scene of much merriment in the evening, as this was where the seniors held forth. Dancing was enjoyed in between the skits put on by the various classes and prizes for costumes were presented. A treasure hunt was one of the highlights of the evening and everyone was rewarded with as many peanuts as it was possible to scramble for. Everyone left the school with the feeling of having put another successful and enjoyable Hallowe'en Party behind her for that year.

B.W.

### "THE IVORY DOOR"

By A. A. MILNE

IT WAS an exciting surprise when Miss Carter told the senior girls that they were going to put on a play called "The Ivory Door," by A. A. Milne.

The girls were chosen for their parts and work commenced directly. There were many practices, but no one minded, because we enjoyed working at such an interesting project. Miss Carter generously gave her time to direct us, and Miss Grant assisted.

There were many humorous mistakes made when practising, and the crowd, although sometimes only two, made enough noise for twenty people. We had a dress rehearsal before the night

of the play, and our king, Catherine Bingeman, looked so much like Errol Flynn that there were many hearts beating faster. As for our beef-eaters, they appeared as if they had stepped out of the 15th century with their red uniforms and white ruffles.

But it went off well and the play was enjoyed by everyone.

P.C.

### LECTURES

DURING the past year we have learned much more on various subjects through illustrated lectures, brought to us by several people. We have enjoyed these a great deal and I am sure each girl has profited by them.

Mr. Henderson, of British Columbia, gave us a talk on that province and his colored pictures of the mountains, the coast, and their industries made us long to see them for ourselves.

Mrs. Taylor's lecture on astronomy was most enjoyable and her slides of the moon and stars were most interesting.

Mr. Jenkins brought us a lecture on the post office as well as additional pictures of other industries of Canada. It proved an excellent way of teaching us one part of the work of the government as well as our geography of Canada.

The last lecture we have had the pleasure of hearing was given by Mr. Martin, who told us of his wonderful trip on the Nascopia. His pictures also gave us a beautiful impression of Northern Canada and the Arctic.

We have appreciated these talks very much and thank those people heartily for taking the time to bring them to us. We all hope there will be many more next year.

One of the most attractive entertainments this year was the concert given by the Nelson sisters at Rupert's Land. The beautiful program was most enjoyable and each girl appreciated the music very much. I am sure we are all proud of the Winnipeg trio and wish them every future success.

M.H.



# LITERARY

## FOND MEMORIES

THERE'S a river winding there  
'Neath the willows bending low,  
As through the languid air  
Soft breezes come and go.

There are green and spacious lawns  
'Neath a sky of azure blue,  
Where joyous springtime dons  
Her robes of every hue.

There are wintry snow-clad hills  
That are bathed in silver light,  
There are all the magic thrills  
Of a northern winter's night.

There are buildings rising high,  
Casting shadows on the ground,  
Where the open gateways lie  
By the drives which circle 'round.

There are joys and sorrows, too,  
And a love that ne'er will end  
For the happiness we knew  
In our life at Riverbend.

There are voices young and gay  
Echoing through the stately halls,  
As to happy girls at play  
A youthful spirit calls.

And it calls them through those gates  
To the mighty world beyond,  
Where another life awaits  
Those who to that call respond.

When we near our life-time's end  
And our tired eyes dim with tears.  
We'll remember Riverbend  
And the joys of all those years.

MARIE BOND, Grade VIII,  
Garry Hall.

## BURNT FINGERS

JANE Martin hummed a tune as she whisked her duster over the numerous chairs in the Brantford living-room. It certainly was a change to be working peacefully in a lovely home, she thought, after dragging herself from one office to another looking for a job as she had been doing until two weeks before, when she had seen the Brantford's advertisement and had answered it. The job was not without its romantic side, she observed, for the young Mr. and Mrs. Brantford had been married only recently and would be returning from their honeymoon that afternoon.

She crossed the hall and entered the library. When she reached the doorway she paused and gazed longingly at the many and varied wedding presents kept there waiting for the

bride's return. Oh well, perhaps some day—

Jane walked over to the fireplace and stood before it, thinking, and as she gazed into the fire began visualizing the day when perhaps she might own things such as those. She picked up the poker in the stand beside the fire-place and began absently to poke at the dying fire. The sound of the doorbell interrupted her thoughts at this point and, leaving the poker in the fire, she hurried to answer the door.

"Any shoe laces, pencils, bobby pins—"

"No, thank you. Not today."

She closed the door abruptly, partly because the face of the man at the door had bothered her with its unshaven chin and shifty eyes, and partly because it annoyed her that a mere beggar

should come to the front door and drag mud all over the front steps which she had carefully scrubbed about two hours before. She returned to the library and resumed her dusting.

How nice it would be to see Mr. Brantford! She supposed he would be tall and dark and most certainly handsome, because it was inconceivable to her that lovely blonde Marian Carter would have married anyone who was not good looking. Mrs. Brantford had seemed very attractive the only time Jane had seen her. She was tall and very fair and her dignified bearing and pleasing personality had won Jane at once.

The air in the library seemed to be growing rather heavy, so Jane turned and started towards the window to open it.

She had scarcely gone a step when she drew back in alarm. A heavy masculine hand and arm had begun slowly to raise the window. She stood paralyzed for a moment, the fear that gripped her heart rendering her motionless. She watched as the window rose slowly, inch by inch, and the hand took a firmer grip on the ledge as if someone were trying to hoist himself up on to the broad window sill.

The wedding presents! The thought of these made Jane turn quickly, grab the first thing she saw and begin beating the hand with it. A hoarse scream, like some animal in pain, reached her ears from below and, looking out the window she saw a man's form disappearing around the hedge into the street. She turned from the window and ran into the hall, her heart pounding furiously. Then she noticed she was holding something in her hand and, looking down, she saw the poker which she had so carelessly left in the fire a few minutes before. The poker still glowed from the heat of the flames. A sort of half-smile played around the corners of her mouth as she reflected on the fact that the sneak thief would be suffering a very severe burn at the moment. The smile faded as she real-

ized that all the valuable gifts were her responsibility. Who knew but that the thief might return? She stood for a moment trying to see a way out of her difficulty. Just at that moment the thought came to her. The woman next door had seemed very friendly when Jane had spoken to her that morning. Perhaps she would come over and stay for an hour or so. She picked up the telephone book and began searching for the name. Perrin! There it was!

She dialed the number quickly and was answered in a few seconds by a woman's voice:

"Hello."

"Mrs. Perrin?"

"Yes."

"This is Jane Martin, the maid at Brantford's, your new neighbors. Could you possibly come and stay with me for an hour or so? Something awful has happened. A tramp tried to break in and steal Mrs. Brantford's lovely wedding presents. I'm afraid he'll come back."

"I'm awfully sorry," came the answer, "I really do appreciate your difficulty, but you see there's trouble here too. My husband has just come into the house with a very badly burned hand."

BARBARA ALLAN, Grade XI,  
Nelson Hall.

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Back in the days when knights were  
knights

And went on journeys bold,  
There lived a lady fair to see,  
As we have oft been told.

The Lady of Shalott was she,  
A knockout pure and simple;  
Her face, through using powders and  
creams,  
Had neither mole nor pimple.

As Tennyson has aptly said,  
She plied her loom one day  
When my,—O, what a sorry chance—  
Sir Lancelot passed her way.

He drove right past her boarding  
house,  
The poor dame nearly bust.  
Says she, "This is the sheik for me,  
I'll vamp him, yes, I must!"

She dressed her in her Sunday best,  
With ribbons, lace and bonnet;  
But—sad to tell—Sir Lancelot  
Ne'er passed again—dawgonnit!

So, after years of patient and  
Exceptant expectation,  
The poor gal saw it was in vain  
And thought about cremation.

She climbed into the family barge,  
Bedecked with orchids white.  
The family dumbell plied the oars  
As best his aged arms might.

By six that afternoon the barge  
Hove to, off Camelot,  
And lords and ladies came to weep,  
Among them Lancelot.

He read the missive in her hand,  
And he was much affected.  
"I gave the gal no just cause  
And here I am rejected."

He dropped a tear into her bier  
And wept as well he might;  
And after, at the funeral march,  
He was the foremost knight.

Within this tale a moral is  
For females sweet and meek;  
"Before you give your heart away,  
Be sure the guy's no sheik!"

ANON.

## KNIGHTHOOD IN A PICKLE

WALTER Raleigh Adams had been given a valuable antique writing table of the Elizabethan period as a birthday present by his aunt. As it was much too large for their room, he and his room-mate, Mac Riddell, were trying to decide what to do with it. Mac finally had the brilliant idea of selling it to a museum. Walter Raleigh was a bit dubious at first, because he didn't think that he should sell his aunt's birthday present. Mac persisted, however, and when he suggested that Walter Raleigh should use the money to take Mary Lou Radcliffe to the fraternity masquerade, he gave in.

After sending an enthusiastic letter of thanks to his aunt, Walter Raleigh invited Mary Lou to the masquerade. She accepted, and as she had lovely red hair, she insisted on dressing as "Queen Elizabeth," escorted, of course, by "Sir Walter Raleigh."

Two weeks later Walter Raleigh received a letter from his aunt. He thrust it towards his room-mate somewhat ominously. "Read this," he said.

Mac took the letter and began to read. "Good gracious! You are in a pickle," he said. "A paper which she must have in five days, and in a secret

drawer. It must be her will or something."

"I don't know what it is, but I haven't got it and I can't possibly get it from the museum through the authorities in that time. I knew that I shouldn't have sold that present. What would you do?"

"I," said Mac, "I would go and get the paper."

"But," said Walter Raleigh, "the paper happens to be locked in a secret drawer of a writing table which is in 'a room in which Queen Elizabeth might have slept. I can't very well just go and take it, can I?"

"I would."

"But I can't."

"Why not?"

The next afternoon Walter Raleigh was nervously standing at the room in the museum. It looked as if a queen might have slept in it and the public was kept from it by a four-foot railing. Walter Raleigh had planned to scale this, but every time he moved towards it someone would appear and seem to fasten an eagle eye on him.

At last he looked at his watch. He had only a short time to get into the room and get the document, and to get back to his room and dress for the



dance. When he was finally alone, he went to the desk and was looking for the secret drawer when he heard voices coming towards him. He quickly jumped into the bed and drew the curtains tight.

A carpenter had been summoned to repair one of the legs of the bed and Walter Raleigh had to lie still until he had gone. He quickly went to the desk, but just as he pressed the spot he was struck on the forehead and the lights went out.

Walter Raleigh was surprised. He knew that he had been struck by the drawer of the desk, but the lights! Then he remembered that the museum closed at seven o'clock. The building was closed! He must get the paper and get out at once. He found the paper and put it in an inside pocket and then he hurried away.

He got out of the room safely, but the problem was to find his way out

of the place in the maze of corridors. He bumped into many things in his efforts, but he kept on trying.

At five minutes after nine the next morning a bedraggled young man painfully descended the steps and limped away down the street. A few minutes later in their room his friend greeted him rather sarcastically, but, ignoring this, Walter Raleigh took a sheet of paper from his pocket and gave it to his friend—then he wearily sank into a chair.

"What's this?" asked Mac.

"Aunt Mary's precious document."

"You don't mean that!"

"Do I look as if I didn't mean it?"

"No, you don't," Mac admitted, "but you will. Just look at this."

Walter Raleigh's important document was a "Recipe for Nine-day Pickle."

RUBY BENEDICKSON, Grade XI,  
York Hall.

## NAVAJO

JUAN crept out of the cot on which he slept and, shivering, advanced as far as the doorway. He looked out onto the great lonely desert over which the sun was slowly rising. The great arms of the giant cacti cast grotesque shadows on the sand. The air was cool and still. The little boy standing there looking at this awesome spectacle suddenly felt very small and lonely and a little afraid, not a bit the way he had felt the night before when Pedro had told him that he, Juan, was to stay all alone and look after the shop while Pedro went to San Blos, ten miles away. Then Juan had felt pleased and very proud, and, somehow, big as if he were greater than all the little devils who lurk in each particle of sand and each puff of wind in the treacherous desert.

Juan was a Navajo Indian and ever since his mother had died he and his older brother Pedro had lived in the hut on the Mexican highway ten miles out in the desert. They made Navajo rugs and pottery, which they sold to

tourists travelling on the highway, and made a meagre living in this way.

Back in the small, dusty hut again, Juan shared his meal with his dog and watched the highway for customers. Finally a big touring car drove up and the occupants poked about in the musty crowded old shop and wondered, no doubt, at the strange conglomeration in it.

From the roof and walls hung rugs, large and small, all with red in the pattern, and over the floor and counter was strewn pottery of all kinds,—jugs, clay burros, Mexican sombreros and many other things.

To these people and others Juan sold many articles and by evening he was feeling very pleased with himself. Then it was he noticed that a wind had come down from the mountains and was blowing up tiny spurts of sand. Juan became frightened. One of the too frequent sand storms was coming, he felt. Suddenly he remembered Pedro. He would be on his way home now. Juan began to worry. The storm couldn't

hurt, Pedro, could it—. As the wind howled and the sand beat against the hut the little boy crouched on his cot. Pedro had not come and it was late, very late.

At last Juan ventured into the whirling maelstrom of sand. A rope about his waist, he groped his way and stumbled suddenly, jerking the rope so that it broke. Juan tried desperately to find it again in the suffocating sand which whirled about him. It was gone. His chance of finding Pedro was gone too, and had he only known it, this was his own end, for he wandered now not towards but away from the hut and

who could live for long in that storm?

MARION BOOTH, Grade IX,  
Nelson Hall.

### LE VILLAGE SUR LA COLLINE

**L**E village sur la colline est très joli. Les arbres au bord de la route du village sont frais est verts. Dans les jardins, il y a beaucoup de jolies fleurs. Il y a des pruniers, des pommiers, et des poiriers dans les vergers.

Dans le village il y a un petit ruisseau où une famille de petit canards jaunes aiment à jouer. J'aime à me promèner au bord de ce joli ruisseau.

HELEN McLEAN, Grade VIII,  
Nelson Hall.

### MY FIRST AEROPLANE VENTURE

**W**ITH the air of a martyr, I stepped into the cabin of the small seaplane which was tied to the pier. My knees and hands were shaking and I don't doubt that I was as white as a sheet. Somehow I managed to sink into a vacant seat. I sat still for a few minutes and gradually calmed down. The engine started. I began to quake and to look with longing and envy at the land which we were soon to leave behind. The town had never seemed so beautiful and secure before.

The plane had left the water and we were climbing swiftly up into the heavens. I looked back at the little village we had just left. It was rapidly disappearing. I looked down. We were flying over rolling country covered with thick woods, while here and there busy little ants moved hither and thither. They all looked so far down. I couldn't see the altimeter, but I didn't care to. I looked around at my fellow passengers who, to my surprise, looked as though they were enjoying themselves. One woman smiled at me sympathetically. She must have undergone this torture at one time too.

The plane turned a corner at a terrible angle. I glanced wildly around for some paper bags but when I discovered them I found that I didn't need them

after all. After this I began rather to enjoy myself, that is, in a certain sense. I looked down once more. We were flying back toward the town. The white road below us, dotted here and there with tiny black cars, wound in and out through the green woods and fields. I thought how much nicer it would be to be in one of those cars than in this aeroplane.

The town came into view once more, and we circled round it before landing. It looked like a small toy village complete with people, trees, gardens and a wide river running by. I was really beginning to enjoy the scene when the plane made another of those awful turns. I didn't feel quite as badly as when it made its first turn.

Suddenly the engine went off. I started, but realized that the ignition was always shut off when the plane landed. We glided slowly down toward the water. The aeroplane was levelled just above the surface and we hit the water with a slight vibration. The engine was started again and we sped towards the shore we had left but a short half hour before. I climbed out onto the pier with a slightly unsteady gait. I soon recovered and began to tell my friends how wonderful and enjoyable flying was.

The next day in the paper I read

about a terrible aeroplane disaster and marvelled that I had returned safely.

EILEEN WOOD, Grade IX,  
Douglas Hall.

### THE JOYS OF RIVERBEND

*(With apologies to Bliss Carman)*

Now the joys of our school are chiefly  
these,  
The songs of the birds among the trees.

A birthday making it not so new,  
It gains in fun and experience too.

The trees are turning green from brown,  
As we, with spring, our sorrows drown.

We work and play from morn till night,  
We do the two with all our might.

And when the parting day arrives  
We'll think of our school for all our  
lives.

LORNA AIKINS, Grade IX,  
Nelson Hall.

### WHY WE HAVE LILIES ON EASTER

ONCE upon a time in a beautiful garden there lived some flowers. There were tulips and daffodils and ever so many more. One day they were all talking together. Suddenly a tulip said, "Why, tomorrow is Easter!" "Well, I am not going to be picked." "Neither am I," cried many other voices. "Does anyone in this garden want to be picked?" "I do!" said a Lily. Everyone turned and looked at the Lily.

"You would not like it," said a tulip, "my sister was picked last year and I never saw her again." "Well, I think you are a very stupid Lily," said a saucy daffodil. "Sh, I hear footsteps." In came a little girl named Nancy. "Well," said she, "I shall have to pick one of you, which one shall it be?" All the flowers hung their heads, except the Lily. "So you want to be picked? Then, so you shall."

When the people came to the table they all admired the Lily. This made

the Lily very happy, because it knew it was bringing happiness to others. While they were admiring the Lily, a little butterfly who had been listening went and told the other flowers all about it. They were all very much ashamed. After that they tried to look bright on Easter, but no matter how hard they tried, Lilies were always picked.

SHEILA SMITH, Grade III,  
Garry Hall.

### NIGHT

The pines outlined against the sunset  
stand

Like silent guardians over all below;  
Behind the trees the sky's a purple  
glow

Of color—orange, pink and mauve. O'er  
land

And sea, a peaceful calm drops down.  
A strand

Of gold remains, then fades and dies  
—the dark.

A wisp of pallid fire appears, a  
spark,

Another and another, hand in hand,  
The tiny stars the firmament o'er-  
spread.

The silvery moon, with shimmering,  
glittering train,

Mounts her high dais. Mortals hear  
her tread,

Gaze up with awe at her immortal  
flame,

Where on her royal throne, she lin-  
gers. Night

In glory rises, pauses, dies in flight.

ANNA MAY COGHILL, Grade XI,  
Garry Hall.

### UNE VISITE AU MARCHE

UN jour ma mère, mon père et moi avons visité le marché. Nous nous sommes promenés longtemps et alors nous nous sommes arrêtés devant une grande pendule.

Ma mère a dit, "Eh bien. Quelle belle pendule!"

J'ai dit, "Oui!"

Mon père a dit, "Oui, mais le prix!"

Mais nous avons acheté la pendule et



nous l'avons portée à la maison.

Nous avons mis la pendule dans la  
salle à manger et nous avons com-  
mence à manger.

Mais la pendule a cassé—brrrrr!

Ma mère a sauté. Mon père a sauté.  
Et moi, j'ai sauté.

Et maintenant la pendule est dans la  
corbeille de refus.

JOAN HARRIS, Grade VIII,  
York Hall.

## OUR CHRISTMAS TREE

**T**HE first thing that struck your eye  
as you entered the living-room was  
the Christmas Tree. It was tall and  
majestic looking and reached the ceil-  
ing. Lights, glass balls, and cones full  
of candy decorated it from top to bot-  
tom. The lights, with their bright colors,  
twinkled and shone in pretty shapes:  
such as candles, bells, birds, children,  
globes and peacocks. Transparent and  
beautifully colored glass balls, pretty  
ornaments, and silver bells that tink-  
led, swayed gently on the tree. Under-  
neath the tree were gaily wrapped gifts,  
of all sizes and shapes. The blue and  
silver star on the top was the most  
beautiful of all, though. A light in the  
centre of the star shone brightly, re-  
flecting on the ceiling, making weird  
shadows. The star seemed to beckon  
to you, and you felt as though you  
were one of the shepherds, following  
the star to the stable where the Baby  
lay.

JOYCE MORRISON, Grade VII,  
York Hall.

## RED RIVER TRAGEDY

Now gather 'round, my children,  
And I'll tell a tale of woe;  
Of a lass from Old Fort Garry  
And a lad who loved her so.

She had eyes as blue as twilight,  
And a sweet and rosy mouth;  
And silver rippling laughter  
Like the tempests of the South.

Now, her name was Nancy Avon,  
And her lover—William Leth;  
And to be with his dear sweetheart  
He'd suffer even death.

But another trader loved her,  
And he'd heard young William say:  
I will meet you by Red River  
At the dawning of the day.

So the trader, smiling cruelly,  
Fixed the muzzle of a gun,  
Near the quiet little thicket  
Where the muddy waters run.

And he chuckled as he thought  
Of the moment which would come  
When young Leth stepped on the spot  
Near the trigger of the gun!

When the trader reached his cabin,  
The morning soon drew nigh,  
As the silver streaks of dawning  
Shone across the o'ercast sky.

Then he waited and he listened  
'Till he heard a ringing shot,  
And he ran down to the river  
And came to the fatal spot.

But what horror then surged o'er him  
As he searched there in the grass,  
For the blood-soaked, prostrate body  
Was the body of a lass!

Drenched in blood, young Nancy whis-  
pered

As she lay in agony:  
"I'm so glad it wasn't William,  
I came early here, you see.

For the trader did not know  
That young William had been late,  
And that Nancy, growing anxious,  
Had gone to the place to wait.

And they never knew who'd killed her,  
Killed young Nancy, sweet and good,  
But the muddy sluggish river  
Flowed again with human blood.

For the trader couldn't stand it—  
And his body soon was found  
By the banks near Old Fort Garry  
The wicked man was drowned.

MARIE BOND, Grade VIII,  
Garry Hall.

## **“YOU IN YOUR SMALL CORNER —BUT WHAT BECOMES OF ME?”**

**S**PRING had begun, and so had spring cleaning. Accordingly Mrs. Wiggins, our energetic housekeeper, had the house topsy-turvy. The Windsor chair from the best parlor stood stiffly on top of the kitchen table, which, for “convenience” had been placed in the dining-room; the piano reposed placidly in the front hall, forming an effective stop-sign to front door visitors, but, in spite of the state of the rest of the house, I received the shock of my life when I stepped into my bedroom.

To begin with, I tripped over an enormous pot of varnish, which, unnoticed by me, had been sitting in the middle of the floor, and fell flat on my face. Before I could get up I was completely surrounded by a sticky sea of varnish, and completely “stuck.” After writhing and twisting for about fifteen minutes, I gave it up as a bad job, and, though my position was not in the least comfortable, lay still and commenced to look around my room.

My easy chair, footstool, desk lamp, encyclopaedia, statuette of Beethoven, about a dozen pictures, and the carpet, were piled in a glorious conglomeration on the bed. The waste-paper basket was sitting rather tipsily on my folding desk, and on top of that were heaped, in an exceedingly precarious arrangement, my twenty-six volumes of “Scientific Research and Psycho-Analysis.” My floor lamp stood dismally in one corner, its gilded base swathed in dustcloths of every color in the rainbow. A heap of curtains, towels, house-dresses, and empty ink bottles decorated the top of my bookcase, while my precious buhl music cabinet, the joy of my life, was standing squarely in front of the steam radiator, and the steam on full blast! Fuming, I recited to myself the things I was going to say to Mrs. Wiggins, when suddenly that worthy lady walked in and with the help of a huge and potent rolling pin, ordered me to “get offa my lazy stummik and outa her way.”

Varnish and all, and with a degree of speed never before equalled in my life, I complied meekly with her request.

ROSSME STERLING, Grade X,  
Nelson Hall.

## **MY LIFE**

BY A CATERPILLAR

**O**NE day when I was nearly full-grown, I thought how much I would like to be a butterfly. So I climbed up a hedge near by and began to spin a cocoon. After a little while I got tired working my feet up and down and in and out, so I stopped and took a rest.

I stayed in my cocoon for the whole winter and then came out in the middle of June. When I did come out my wings were all wet, but I gradually exercised and there I was just like any other butterfly.

GAIL GRAHAM, Grade V,  
Garry Hall.

## **AN ICY DEATH**

**T**HE plane came down easily, even in the storm and without an engine. Dick always had been a good navigator. How stupid he had been to overlook refilling with gas! How stupid he had been to start across the Atlantic by himself! After all, he was no Corrigan. He tampered with the radio, but it was dead. He was away off his planned course and no ships came that way. He was doomed; nothing could save him.

He crawled out onto the wing. The waves lashed against the sides of the pontoons and splashed in his face. The wind howled and seemed to mock him in his distress.

In his estimation the plane, in its present condition, would stay afloat for about an hour, then it would rapidly begin to sink. Yes, sink; and he with it. No one could rescue him in that time or in that storm. Besides, no one had known he had started on this wild trip. Fame! Fame! Why had he been so eager for fame? The lightning streaked the sky with jagged outlines and thunder boomed weird calls. Dick was not

afraid. Death must come some time.

As the time passed, Dick could feel the water seeping up into the cabin. Soon, practically without warning, only the tail was left above water. Dick clung to it like a mad man. Nothing could save him now, but Dick did not lose hope.

The storm was still raging as the last piece of tail sank down into the watery depths below. Dick muttered a prayer as he felt himself sinking. The dark water closed over his head and he was gone!

MONA SHIRLEY PAGET, Grade IX,  
Garry Hall.

### POEM OF A BOARDER'S LAMENT

BY A BOARDER

Eve never had to sit and darn  
A pair of socks for Adam.  
She couldn't knit—there was no yarn  
Or needles—no one had 'em.  
Oft times with sadness I survey  
My mending-pile so shocking,  
And envy that first lucky dame  
Who never darned a stocking.

MARY ELIZABETH EDGAR, Grade X,  
Garry Hall.

### TO A DICTATOR

Fierce and proud with face unerring,  
Like a sergeant on parade,  
Do you realize what a terror  
To this earth your forces make?  
I can see untold repentance  
Like a sail unfurling dust;  
Yon can't stand supreme forever.  
Why do you suppose you must?  
Braver men than you before this  
Reached their doom by deeds like yours.  
Do you think that your sword mighty  
Can outdo those men of old?  
To my humble way of thinking  
All men meet their Waterloo,  
Why not leave the world alone now  
And give us peace; our token due?  
If for just a little while now,  
We could feel a peace sublime,  
What a solace for the weary  
Struggling for a peace divine.

MARY CARPENTER, Grade X,  
Garry Hall.

### THE STORY OF ATLAS' FAMILY

THE Romans had many Goddesses as well as Gods. The months and days are named in their honor. They wondered what name they should give the fifth month. They always had a festival for Maia, a goddess, on the first of the fifth month, so with changing her name a little, they called the fifth month, May.

Atlas was the father of Maia as well as six other daughters. It was said that he held the world on his shoulders, so he must have been very busy looking after his children and the world. This belief gave us the name atlas to our books of maps.

Maia had a lovely son called Mercury. He was the fastest runner of the Gods, and because he had wings on his feet, and carried a wand which made angry people stop quarrelling, they made him their messenger. He was sent with messages to the people on the earth, from Mount Olympus, the home of the Gods.

Jupiter was the Father of the Gods and Goddesses, and he wanted Maia and her sisters to live forever, so he put them in the sky as stars, in a little group called the Pleiades.

Goddesses weren't supposed to marry, but one of Maia's sisters fell in love with an earth-man called Sisyphus. Even though she did marry him, she was not happy, because he was a bad man. Jupiter decided to punish him, and made him roll a rock to the top of Mount Olympus.

He thought it was a big rock, but said he was so strong that he could soon do it. He tugged and pulled and finally he got it to the top of the Mount, and as he was praising his work the rock rolled to the bottom of the mountain again. He is still trying to get the rock to the top of the mountain.

His wife feeling sorry for him, hid her face, and that is why, if you look up into the sky you will see only six stars instead of seven, in the Pleiades.

ROBIN LITTLE, Grade VI,  
York House.



### SPRING

How do I know that spring is here?  
By the south wind whispering soft in  
my ear,  
By the woodpecker pecking the bark  
of the tree,  
And the hum in the air of the busy bee.

By the daffodils of golden hue,  
And the purple violets covered with  
dew,  
By the birds on the tree and the flowers  
on the lawn,  
And the clear bright sun that greets  
us at dawn.

By the chirping of the robin red,  
That calls me from my cosy bed.  
And once again I pause to see  
What a marvellous place this world  
can be.

JOYCE MORRISON, Grade VII,  
York Hall.

### FACTS ABOUT SKIING

#### Authority—"Winter Cavalcade"

**S**KI (a Scandinavian word pronounced "shee") probably came to the Lapps from the North of Siberia and then from them to the Norwegians and Swedes, then was introduced to Switzerland by the English at the end of the last century, probably 1889.

The oldest known ski was dug out of a bog in Norway and is about three thousand years old.

Skiing first of all was a means of getting about in the winter and first became a sport on the foundation of the Norwegian Ski Association in 1883. The Ski Club of Great Britain was formed in 1903.

The best skis are made of hickory, but ash, maple and, in Scandinavia, birch are also used.

The highest speed obtained on skis is eighty-two miles an hour achieved on special skis and on a prepared track. In downhill races, the racers have averaged forty miles an hour over a course of three miles,—this means that at times they would touch sixty miles an hour. The average speed of a jumper on a big

leap (two hundred feet or more) is about fifty to fifty-five miles an hour, but after landing the speed increases and may attain seventy miles an hour at the foot of the hill.

At a big jumping competition there may be three hundred competitors, jumping at the rate of three a minute. Each man has three jumps and out of nine hundred jumps there are often only sixty to eighty falls, such is their skill. The winner is the one who has received the greatest number of points for the length and style of all three jumps and from all three judges; the longest jump receives twenty points. The maximum style points are twenty, but they are rarely awarded. "Crack" jumpers generally gain around eighteen and a half points out of twenty. Points are taken off for mistakes, such as these: too late a spring, uneven position of skis or arms in the air, unsteady landings.

The record length for a ski jump is three hundred and thirty-nine feet, made by Josef Bradl on the leap in Yugoslavia. Bob Lymburne, of Canada, has jumped two hundred and eighty feet at Revelstoke in British Columbia, and the British record is a jump of two hundred feet, made by Colin Wyatt, at St. Moritz in Switzerland.

The greatest art in skiing is mastering the varieties of turns and being able to execute them at will at any speed on any type of snow.

JUNE LEAR, Grade X,  
Douglas Hall.

### LA FERME DE GRAND-PERE A NOEL

**L**A FERME de grand-père à Noël est très belle! Il n'y a pas de neige à la ferme de mon grand-père, parce qu'il fait chaud en hiver. Je visite souvent la ferme de mon grand-père. Grand-père a beaucoup de vaches, et il a beaucoup de chevaux aussi. Il a un beau cheval noir. Je l'aime!

Sur sa ferme mon grand-père a un beau jardin. Tous les matins je me lève, et je remplis mon panier d'oeufs. Quand mon grand-père va aux champs

au matin, je lui apporte du café au lait, et de petits pains, parce qu'il a faim.

Cet été je vais visiter la ferme de

grand-père pendant les vacances.

MARIE BOND, Grade VIII,  
Garry Hall.

## MURIEL

"WILL you please tell Mr. Murdoch that I'd like to see him. Thank you.—What?—Oh, yes, I have an appointment. . . . In here? Thank you.

"Mr. Murdoch? I'd like to speak to for a moment if you don't mind. Why, yes, thank you, I will sit down. What? . . . Oh yes. Well, you see, sir, it concerns Muriel's and my . . . your daughter, Muriel, you know. Oh yes, of course. You would, wouldn't you? Well, you see, sir—I met Muriel at the Silvers' party and—what—why, uh—Jean Silvers, one of Muriel's friends, from Newport, you know. Well, as I was saying, I met Muriel at the Silvers' party last week and we had a long talk. I hope you don't mind, sir, but you see we have a lot in common, we both like skiing, swimming, and dancing, too—although she likes the slow dances, I prefer the faster ones. (By the way, sir, have you ever seen 'Susannah' do that new polka? Oh, well-ll, she's just 'Susannah,' a dancer, you know). . . . Oh, yes, your daughter. Well, sir, we were talking and she said that as you were her father, I should ask you first if I might—No, thank you, sir, I smoke a pipe—Who? 'Susannah?' Oh, she's down at the 'Sail Home.' It's a night club on Fiftieth Street you know. Oh, very reasonable. Yes sir, she is very good. That's all right, sir. Now, as Muriel was telling me, you are very good-natured, and . . . Yes, she did say that. Who?—her mother—why, I imagine all wives say things like that.—Oh, yes, that reminds me. Muriel said that I—pardon—oh I've known her for about a week and a half, sir, but it really seems much longer than that. As I said before, we have much in common. We both like sports, you know, eh! Why-uh, I guess I've seen her every day nearly. You see, sir, we've been making plans for a house that—why, yes, she did tell me you

were thinking of building. Out on the Island, wasn't it? No! Oh, I thought she said—well, that's a beautiful place, sir, you couldn't find a nicer spot for miles around there for a summer home. How do I know?—why, Muriel and I were there on a picnic last Friday. There was quite a party of us. We went down by car—yes, we DID have a slight accident—you see, someone mistook your car for Archie's and—why Muriel had it—yes, they mistook it for Archie's and they—Archie? he's Ruth's fiancée—Oh, Ruth's Jean Silvers room-mate. I spoke of her awhile ago. Who?—Archie?—no, sir, he's very nice. He works for your friend, Mr. Arnold—his secretary, I believe. Oh, yes—Muriel—well, sir, I like Muriel very much, and I believe she likes me too—or at least she said she did. When?—at the picnic, sir. We were out in the red canoe and I asked her to—What?! Sir, it is NOT her money I want! In fact I don't want her money at all. What I came up here for, was not money at all, I assure you! You have insulted me, Mr. Murdoch! Oh, very well, sir. Why, now that you speak of it, I believe I could do with a small glass.—Please . . . Oh, yes, the red canoe. Well I asked her to tell you about me, but she seemed to think it was my place to ask you, so here I am. Now what I want to know is—well-ll, I mean, well, sir, as you have probably heard, I—what! . . . Marry Muriel . . . Sir, I had no such idea. I came up here to see if I might design your summer home. The idea . . . why, wait 'till Sally hears about this—who, Sally?—My wife, sir.

JOAN HEASLIP, Grade XI,  
Douglas Hall.

## THE ALL-DESTROYING RAY

**I**F YOU were to walk up to the end of Midville Road, you would see an old dilapidated house, badly in need of repairs; minus the front steps, plus the glass out of the windows. You would then be tempted to ask anyone of the old grannies what happened to the house and who used to live there? The one you asked would shift her peppermint drop to the other side of her mouth, and fix her glasses prepared for the tale she loved most to tell.

Some few years ago a young man and his bride came to live in two hundred and fifty-six Midville Road. They were a nice young couple, fond of each other, as well as their kind neighbors. One day something happened. Doctors were going in and out of the house and the young man looked terribly worried and distressed. The neighbors went to inquire and find out what was the matter. The young man said his wife had typhoid. Two days later the pretty house was in mourning for its sweet mistress who had passed away. No one saw the young man for quite awhile, but at night the little window in the third floor was always lighted. That was the only sign that anyone lived there.

One cold, stormy night when you would imagine that anything could happen, a queer colored ray kept flashing

from the little attic window of number two hundred and fifty-six. The ray kept flashing for what seemed an eternity until finally the men decided to go and investigate, for they thought maybe the man was in trouble and signalling for help.

But too late did they think of it, for suddenly a blasting roar sounded above the claps of thunder and number two hundred and fifty-six was a chaos of glass and splinters of wood. The house looked as though a hurricane had suddenly struck it.

When help arrived they found no longer a young man but an aged man who was mentally unbalanced, and also a housekeeper who said her master had been inventing an all-destroying ray which he said was going to destroy the world. Ever since his wife had died he had been working on this and finally it had blown up.

He soon passed away and no one has ever lived in the house since, supposing it to be haunted.

The old granny would look at you with a look that said, "Well, you see our street has an exciting history."

You would politely thank her and walk on pondering on the story of the all-destroying ray.

HELEN PALK, Grade VIII,  
Nelson Hall.

## AN EVENING AT HOME

**I**T IS seven o'clock on Thursday night. You are washing dishes (maid's night out) hurriedly because you must get your homework done in time to hear "Good News." As you clean the last pan, none too thoroughly, you glance furtively at Civics notes. After a few glances you consider them learned. (The next day you change your mind.) Now, a French verb must be written out in eleven tenses. Ah, you sigh, why doesn't everyone speak English? You determine to do something about it when (and if) you are famous. But in the meantime there is

work to be done. You settle in a chair by the living-room radio. For fifteen minutes you are engrossed (?) in the French verb. Suddenly, a shrill yell jerks you to life. You rise and stride determinedly to the front hall where your small brother lies screaming. He explains noisily that he fell off the bannisters. You pick him up and tell him he is a big baby to cry. When he is finally consoled, you return to the comfortable chair. Having finished the French verb, you turn your attention to Geometry. As you open your battered text-books, you discover by your watch





#### GRADE TWELVE

Back Row—Virginia Lee Hopper, Joyce Burns, Margaret Dowler.  
Front Row—Natalie Martin, Barbara Colyer, Nora Donnelly, Eleanor MacInnes.



#### GRADE ELEVEN

Back Row—Barbara Allan, Joan Macarthur, Margaret Bennett, Catherine Bingeman, Kitty Parker, Kathleen Benner, Beverley Latter, Ethna Mitten, Roberta Jean McQueen, Bertha Welch.  
Middle Row—Phyllis MacCharles, Phyllis Chester, Maria Kipp, Mary Harris (XI-G president), Beverley Elsey, (XI-M president), Eileen Gray, Anna May Coghill, Ruby Benidickson.  
Front Row—Joan Heaslip, Mary Irvine, Sidney Flanders, Shirley Cruikshank, Eloise Edmond, Betty Slater.





RIVERBEND 1





P.I.L.S. 1938-39





#### FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Anderson, Barbara Allan, Roberta Jean McQueen, Margaret Dowler, Polly Harris, Catherine Bingeman, Eileen Gray, Phyllis Chester.



#### SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Anderson, Marguerite McDonald, Joan Macarthur, Mary Harris, Gloria Brown, Janet Edgar, Ethna Mitten, Margaret Winstanley, Marion Booth, Shirley Cruikshanks, Maria Kipp.

(which, surprisingly, is going) that it is eight-fifteen. In a second you turn on the radio and adjust it to CKY, the strains of "Rock-a-Bye Baby" reach your ears and you are informed that "Here is Baby Snooks and her Daddy, played by—" etc., etc. You hear childish trebles. You wonder if you were such a pest at that age. The fact that you probably still are dawns upon you, and you turn the radio off in disgust.

Geometry—you view your homework exercises. The first one seems easy—but appearances often deceive. Are interior-opposite angles equal? Well, your guess is as good as Euclid's, so you decide they are. (Euclid disagrees.) As you rack your brain for the definition of a trapezoid, the telephone rings. You run to answer it before your little brother can, because he always tells the family whose voice it is and just in case . . . However, it is a fellow-worker, wanting to know what French verb you had to write out. You tell her, and suddenly (and unfortunately) you remember that you have to write an essay on "Animals—Wild and Tame." You hear your mother's voice stating that it is nine-fifteen, so you end the telephone conversation.

You finish the Geometry without interruption and then spend ten minutes finding "Animals — Wild and Tame" in the Encyclopaedia. The terms are very technical and you don't understand them. You know no one else will either, but still you copy them into your essay (?). You become interested in "The Daily Habits of the Hippo," until you hear your mother again announcing the time—ten o'clock. A certain pleading quality in her voice seems to say, "Must I drive you to bed tonight? Can't you, just for once . . ."

You close your books and switch on the radio in case Bing Crosby's closing number is your favorite song. It isn't, but you listen anyway, because you like Bing Crosby. When a male voice begins to praise Kraft Cheese you rise, gather up your books, and go to your bedroom. Being different from heroines of most literary (?) attempts like this,

you have finished your homework (after a fashion), and have not left it for the next morning. You laboriously curl up your hair, and finally crawl into bed.

As you are drifting in a daze, the telephone rings, waking you enough so that you hear your father say in a bored voice:

"Sorry, she's gone to bed."

You sigh. Just your luck!

MARY MCLEOD, Grade X,  
Nelson Hall.

### THE FOX

The scattered remains of a mangled hen  
Were the only signs of the fox's den  
In the little clearing. 'Twas not by  
chance

That these evidences had significance.

The fox-cubs were badly in need of a  
meal.

They were cold and impatient. They  
longed for the feel

Of their mother's body to keep them  
warm,

To guard them from danger, and shield  
them from harm.

But the vixen would never protect them  
again;

Outside came a whine from the mouth  
of the den.

Their mother! the little ones rushed  
out with glee—

But a pounce! snap! snap! put a quick  
end to three.

Perceiving the fourth tiny ball of red  
fur

Stumbling back to the cave where he'd  
be secure,

The terrier leaped, but his leap was  
too late,

The fox-cub was safe—had eluded his  
fate!

But soon Farmer Fallow arrived at the  
spot,

He scolded the "bad dog" for missing  
his lot.

With a shrug of his shoulders he took  
a small box

Then began to dig for the last baby fox.



The cub crouched in the darkness in  
maddened fear,  
His mother had left him. Outside he  
could hear  
The sounds getting louder. A hand  
reached inside,  
The fear in his heart arose like a tide.

The hand fastened round him. He  
struggled and bit,  
But his tiny white teeth were powerless.  
A pit  
Opened below him and down, down, he  
fell,  
Into the box which would soon be his  
hell.

For three long weeks that passed like  
years  
Fate justified the fox's fears.  
He suffered in torture from hunger and  
thirst,  
Of all captive creatures he suffered the  
worst.

Then freedom came! By Fortune's  
hand  
The fox escaped! He covered the land  
By leaps and bounds. With remaining  
strength  
He drew away from danger, length by  
length.

His wind was gone; exhausted but free,  
He raised his muzzle to the lee.  
The bay of a hound came loud and clear,  
The bugle call sounded shrill and near.

Then over the next furze-covered knoll  
Came the hounds with their ominous  
hunting call.

He turned his muzzle to the lee  
His wind was gone! He was trapped—  
but free.

ANNA MAY COGHILL, Grade XI,  
Garry Hall.

## MY DIET

It's so hard to stick to my diet,  
If you disagree why not try it?  
I long for some sweets  
And other good eats;  
Everyone laughs and think it's a riot.  
At noon I'm invited to lunch,  
And sit with the rest of the bunch.  
They all laugh and joke  
While I sip my coke  
As, at a big dinner they munch.  
I must have my foods fried in oil,  
It makes me so mad I could boil,  
But get pounds off I must,  
And I shall if I bust.  
Don't you pity this poor little goil?

JOAN SANDERSON, Grade X,  
York Hall.

## THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

ONCE there was a little girl whose  
name was Jane. She was a very  
happy little girl except for one thing  
—she wanted a toy rabbit. She saved  
her money and tried to buy one but it  
cost too much. On the Thursday be-  
fore Easter she was still trying to buy  
a rabbit, but she did not succeed. Easter  
came. Everybody went to church and  
Jane went to church too. Meantime at  
home, father and mother were mak-  
ing a surprise for Jane. Father weaved  
a little basket. After that he colored  
some eggs. Mother was sewing on a  
toy rabbit. Father put the eggs in the  
basket. Mother fastened the basket  
on to the rabbit. When mother and  
father had finished, Jane came home  
from church. She came into the dining-  
room and what do you think she saw?—  
the rabbit and basket! Jane was so  
pleased! She thanked mother and  
father very much. So after all she  
got her rabbit and some eggs and had  
a very happy Easter.

MARY MATHERS, Grade III,  
Douglas Hall.



## PRESENTING TODAY

DAVID came bursting into the house and turned on the radio, hoping he was not too late for Dick Tracy.

"Now we bring you a short resume of the day's news.

"China—Bombing at Hankow was somewhat less—"

David turned off the radio with a disgusted look, but if he could have seen Lung Wa at that moment it would have been a different matter.

Lung Wa, a Chinese lad of about thirteen, was digging desperately, furiously at a pile of stones under which he thought his family was buried. Every few minutes he cast a furtive glance at the sky, digging all the time.

Suddenly he stopped with a sob. He had found his little brother's body. That was enough to tell the sad tale. A hurried glance at the sky revealed a plane. Lung Wa dashed for a bomb-proof shelter none too soon. Here he crouched for ten minutes, not very long, but quite long enough for him to gain his breath and start for the river.

Once at the river he would be safe. There it was, now all he had to do was to find a boat to take him.

After an hour he was still bargaining with a junk driver, the seventeenth. He had begged, pleaded, threatened, promised, cursed, anything he would do, anything for a passage, but he was only a boy, a small boy at that. What good could he do? No. They would not take him.

Lung Wa was desperate, he was going to go, to leave the place where his family had been killed. Finally he found a way by hiding under a pile of rags.

The announcer's voice continued: "Germany — Today Hitler officially opened a new prison camp."

Again David turned off the radio news, news, news, would they never finish? But here again, in Germany, Hans was wandering unhappily about the streets of Berlin.

That morning a new prison camp had been opened, and as Hans had had at one time an ancestor unforseeing enough to have married a Jewess, his brother and father were now occupying two of the fifty beds already occupied.

Hans knew not what was their crime or what would be their fate. He only knew that he might never see them again; that they would be kicked about and treated like dogs, eating stale bread and watery soup.

Hans was all alone now, but what cared he, if nobody else did?

Again the announcer continued: "U.S.A.—A ten year old boy was taken from his home in Chicago today by armed invaders. They—"

At his home his mother wept hysterically, his father, a multi-millionaire, wrung his hands and paced the floor. Police cars screeched around corners, descriptions were broadcast, all in vain. Three days later the battered, torn body of Richard Roberts was found in the bush near his home.

But David didn't know all this nor could his brain imagine things like it. So he waited to hear the exciting adventure of Dick Tracy.

WINNIFRED RUTH MCINTYRE,  
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

## THE EXCHANGE

THEY called her "Looney Meg." They all said that. They must be right. But I was the only one who really knew Meg. I sold her her blue sedan. I took her with me when I took the blue sedan out for its trial run, before I sold it to her—cash. Meg was one of those people who liked everything.

She liked the way the cigarette tray snapped back and forth; the way the mirror reflected her rather inane appearance, and straggly ends of mouse-colored hair. She liked it.

She bought the car. It was a sort of cash and carry proposition. Meg drove off in the car. She was like a kid,

that was reading the "Arabian Nights," finding something new in every inch that she explored.

I didn't hear of Meg for a long time after I sold her that car. But Meg was a funny kid. Then one day about six months later, Meg dropped in. It was during the slack hours of the day, and I invited her to go with me, around the corner to the drug store and have a snack and a cup of coffee. Meg and I sat down in one of the initialed booths and we started talking. I always knew there was a queer streak in Meg somewhere. All the Learys had it.

Now I don't even remember how we got around to the subject, but Meg started telling me about one of these queer streaks. I thought it was funny that she should even talk about it, but then that was Meg. Meg told me that when she first got the new sedan, she drove it around all day. Then she told me, that she got such a passion for driving the car, that she would go out late at night, and just drive aimlessly about. She told me she used to play "pick-up" with the car. She explained to me what this new game was. She said that whenever she was out late and found some forgotten soul standing by the bus stop, or walking to no matter where, that she would pick him up and drive him, wherever he wished to be taken. Meg then told me about the old man. She said she had found him ambling along Twenty-first Street, one spring night; that she had stopped the car and offered him a ride. He had walked to the car suspiciously, and without a word had got in beside her. Meg said she had driven him out to the edge of town, and dropped him off at a small cottage near Benbrook Turn. Before he went she had given him five ten dollar bills, because she had felt sorry for him.

I really felt sorry for Meg then. She always carried around a lot of money. Supposing the old bird had hit her over the head and dumped her body in the brook, and driven away in the car, to God only knows where.

I said then to Meg that we had better

leave or else I'd get fired. I helped her collect her things, and picked up a glove from the floor. I walked over and handed the boy at the fountain a ten dollar bill and told him to keep the change.

MARIA KIPP, Grade XI,  
York Hall.

## THE DESERTED HOUSE

Beside the lonely road

There stands a cottage small.

The lawn has not been mowed,

The weeds grow thick and tall.

It's a lonesome little place

With its shutters hanging low

But still there is a trace

Of the days of long ago.

I seem to hear the strains

Of music—sweet and low

As through the broken panes

The shadows come and go.

I seem to hear the clamor

Of happy children playing

That comes from out the glamor

Of whisp'ring elm trees swaying.

There are voices though unseen,

There are words none can forget.

And the "swish" of crinoline

As they dance the Minuet.

There's been sorrow in those rooms,

And a love that e'er shall last

Where the open future looms

To the threshold of the past.

Beneath the sagging eaves

There are memories that will last.

As the lonely pine tree grieves

With the echoes of the past.

So if you're passing by,

And chance to stop and stay,

If this house should catch your eye

Be quiet, there, I pray.

For if you leave it so,

I'm sure 'twill always last

And ever after grow—

A memory of the past.

MARIE BOND, Grade VIII,  
Garry Hall.

# ALUMNAE

## OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1938-1939

<i>President</i> .....	DOROTHY CREELMAN
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	FRANCES AIKINS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	MARION MCCURDY
<i>Recording Secretary</i> .....	BETTY NEWCOMBE
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> .....	PEGGY CAMPBELL
<i>Social Convenor</i> .....	CONSTANCE GUY

THE eighth year of the Riverbend Alumnae we feel has been very successful. The membership is now well over one hundred, though many of these are out-of-town associate members.

Seven meetings were held monthly from October until March and our annual Old Girls' Day is planned for May 12th.

The executive worked willingly and helpfully throughout the year. An amendment was made to the constitution allowing girls who had attended senior school for one year or more to become members of the Alumnae.

At our January meeting, Muriel Beth Gourlay gave us a delightful account of her experiences in Edinburgh during the past year.

The first major project was undertaken by the Alumnae this year in the sponsoring of a John Holden play—"Post Road." It was successful to a degree, but had more enthusiasm been shown we feel sure it could have been a greater enterprise financially. Our annual luncheon, held in March, was most enjoyable. A large turnout, an interesting setting and an excellent speaker all helped to make it so. We were fortunate in being able to hold our luncheon in the new Ralph Connor House recently acquired by the University Women's Club. Our guest speaker, Mrs. Douglas MacKay, told us of the many treasured clippings that

may be found in the MacKay archives. We were very proud to present to Miss Carter a Sheffield Tea Service as our gift to the school. We hope as many of the graduating class as possible will join our ranks and carry on tradition and loyalty to the school.

### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robson (Dorothy Young, '33) a son, August, 1938.

### MARRIAGES

Mary Elizabeth McIntyre, '33, to Attaché Carl Ake Malmaeus—at home, Paris, France.

Roberta Lee, '33, to Robert Murray Turner—at home, Winnipeg.

Janet Wiggins, '35, to Dr. Hamilton Halverson—at home, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Lillian Goulter, '32, to Mr. Sydney Donaldson—at home, Regina, Sask.

### JOTTINGS

Evelyn Hay—social secretary to a member of the British travelling legation.

Jean McLean James—home in Winnipeg, having spent the past year in London.

Isobel Scott—blood technician in a Toronto hospital.

Mary Bull Humble—home from England for a visit last fall.

Grace McCurdy—assistant dietician at Royal Victoria in Montreal.

Patricia Leistikow—studying journalism at the University of S. California.



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Shirley Muddiman and Dorothy For-sythe—graduate from Margaret Eaton this spring.

Agnes Richardson and Lydia Klein are attending Queen's University at Kingston.

Carla Lehmann—continued success on the London stage.

Inas Helen George—an interior decorating student at the "U" of Minnesota.

Helen McInnis — teaching at the school.

Betty McHattie — secretary of the school.

D.A.C.

Dear *Vox Fluminis*:

IT SEEMS strange to be writing a letter myself to the magazine, after having proof-read so many, and I'm afraid even after that former experience, that I'm about to say all the things the present editor will gnash her teeth at, and have to change. Having been all around New York and the World's Fair since leaving Queen's, I've almost forgotten what it is like there, my poor befogged brain only taking in so much after the exams they place before you in that institution. They have decided it's high time they set about raising their scholastic standard there; and it's probably a fine idea, except that in a few years, at the rate they're going, they will find themselves with an admirable standard and no students.

At any rate, Queen's is an ancient and dignified and historic, etc., university, situated in the thriving little town of Kingston, Ontario. It contains a great many churches, to which some students flock, and two theatres to which more students flock, especially between 7.01 and 7.30 p.m., there being a 15 cent reduction during that time. There are a great many uniforms to be seen in the streets, to the delight of those who like uniforms—those of R. M. C. boys, the army, the nearby air force, and the C.O.T.C., while there are also such noble and useful edifices as the King-

ston Penitentiary and the insane asylum.

The university itself, to get back to the subject, consists of about thirteen hundred men and three hundred and fifty women, and some lovely grey limestone buildings (I *would* know all about those, having been talked into a horrible Geology course), conveniently arranged around a square block for the most part, with sidewalks running across between the buildings, and seven tennis courts invitingly displayed. Since I've decided that this is no place to discuss the notorious Kingston climate, we'll go on to the different faculties, there being three main ones, each with its color, Arts, red; Science, yellow, and *Medicine*, blue, which make up the tri-color of Queen's. All the girls are in Arts, and almost half of them live in residence, that is, in the main residence, Ban Righ Hall, where they all eat, and in the three annexes. I lived in the largest annex containing twenty-five girls, and now I know why my family always wanted me to go away and live in residence, as it is certainly a wonderful experience I'll never forget.

There are very few restrictions placed upon us—practically only in the matter of the time when we have to be in residence at night, a certain number of late-leaves being allowed a week. We freshettes suffered with only one 12.30 a week, and one 2.30 a month, while all the other years had three 12.30's and one 2.30 a week. We had to be in ordinarily at 10.30, the others at 11.00, with one late-leave taken away for every five minutes late, and an elaborate system of signing out and in. I don't think I'll be able to look at a clock that says 10.20 without hastily gathering myself together and preparing for a mad dash home.

Besides many and varied broadening and instructive courses offered there, (the main questions, not the answers, being still too fresh in my mind to dwell on such a subject), Queen's affords wonderful opportunities for every kind of sport. There was

to begin with the rugby games, the freshettes being required to parade to them "be-tammed," and without a trace of make-up, followed by the freshmen in pyjamas, each carrying a musical instrument. There's also baseball, archery, tennis, gym, badminton, and track, with skating, *hockey*, fencing, wrestling, basketball, swimming, skiing and water polo the second term.

Before I really get warmed to my topic, as the saying goes, I had better start dwindling gracefully to a close, as I can just see Anna May with a puzzled frown wondering which muddled paragraphs to leave out.

So, to end it all, if any of you should notice a short called, "Paths of Learning" (confused by the ignorant with "Road to Glory") be sure to try and see it. It was taken at Queen's last summer and fall and shows every kind of student activity. I'm sure all of you who are planning to go on to university would find it very interesting.

The best of luck to *Vox Fluminis*, and to all those who are writing exams.

LYDIA KLEIN.

---

The Bishop Strachan School,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Vox Fluminis:

Why I have been asked to write of the life I lead is quite beyond my comprehension. You are all experienced in school life, yet I am about to tell you what school is like here, when fundamentally it's the same as school in Winnipeg. Notice I say "fundamentally" as no school is the same as Riverbend.

Bishop Strachan School, more commonly known as B.S.S., looms like a fortress. It is gray. It is stone. It is immense. A flag flies from the tower. But there are no loopholes with cannon through them. At least, I haven't found any, although there are still parts of the school I haven't explored.

I won't dwell on the school work which is divided into periods just the same as Riverbend's, except that in the

afternoon we work until three-thirty and then the day girls go home while the boarders have an hour's games. Games for the day girls are optional, so most of them go down to their "Winter Club" or even take in a show. Meanwhile the boarders play—not Ring Around a Rosy or French Tag! Except when it rains, we play all our games outdoors, since there are ninety boarders and we couldn't possibly play in the gym, which is only a third the size of Riverbend's gym. In the autumn we play basketball, using eight courts. In the winter we play hockey—it sounds incredible, but we do play it. There are two hockey rinks, and a third rink where we can first learn to skate before trying hockey. In the spring we play lacrosse, which I haven't yet tried, but which looks hard enough.

In between seasons we tramp up and down the streets of the neighborhood in a long crocodile. One block we avoid, however,—the home of the large boys' school—Upper Canada College.

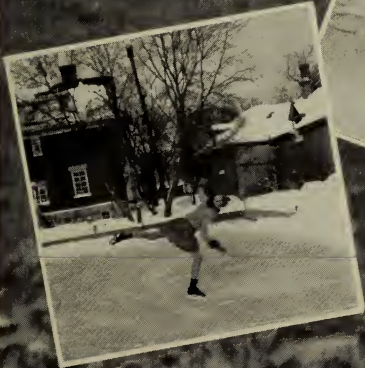
Our house system here is not the same as at Riverbend. Only the boarders are divided into houses—St. Hilda's and St. Monica's. The girls do not associate, and only on Sunday are social visits allowed between the houses. We don't even sit at the same tables in the dining-room. In school, we compete one grade against another, which means that our grade, as it is the highest, carries away all the honors—very nice for us, but not for the others.

One of the most beautiful parts of the school is the chapel which is like a small church adjoining the school. Thither we go twice a day, looking most devout in our chapel veils. The kneeling benches are so hard that I am developing housemaid's knee.

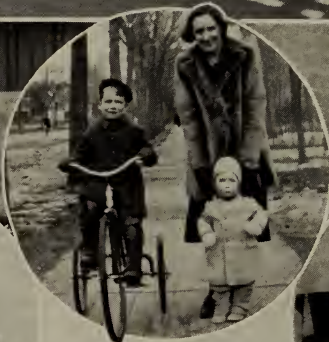
I hope I haven't bored you with all this rambling. B.S.S. is a very nice school, though it isn't the same as Riverbend, and although I am enjoying the year, I do miss the school on the river. Before I close, let me wish good luck in their work to all the four houses, but Nelson in particular.

CAROLINE HARRIS.

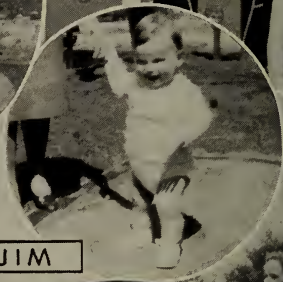








COLIN · ALAN



DONALD

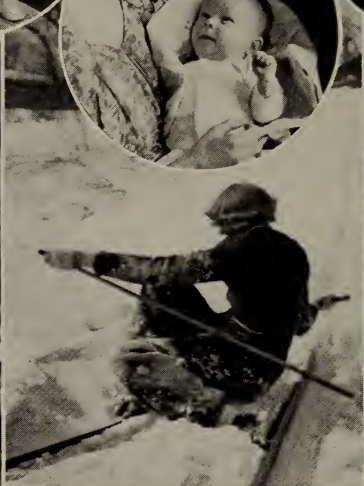
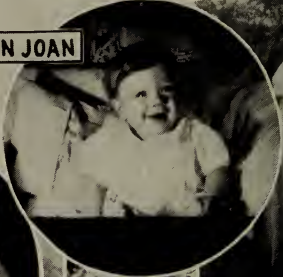
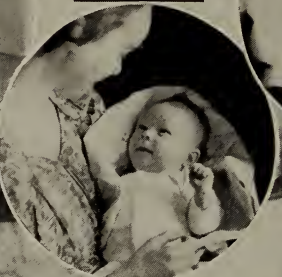
JIM



DOUGLAS

ALISON JOAN

STANLEY



## RED LETTER DAYS IN RIVERBEND HISTORY

October 16—Miss Shepley returned empty-handed from down-town.

October 27—Miss Stuart, grown tired of the piano, played the hymn on the violin at morning prayers.

November 3—Miss Grant asked for a second helping.

December 14—Miss Carter remarked, "How I love the snow! I have nothing else to do this afternoon, so I must go skating."

December 16—Miss Anderson didn't twirl her hair once *all* day.

January 9—Miss Gregory passed the fountain without taking a drink.

January 21—Miss Blakely kept grade two in school until four-thirty.

February 1—Miss Moffat was completely bow-less.

February 22—Miss Edgar wished she were spending the winter in Florida.

March 1—Miss MacKinnon appeared in class wearing a last month's hair style.

March 30—Miss Burns threw away a cocoon without waiting for the butterfly to emerge.

April 5—Miss Sigurdson appeared in class, harassed and dishevelled.

April 19—Miss McInnis forgot to take up the Grammar homework in grade eight.

May 2—Miss Andrews was arrested for exceeding the pedestrian speed limit.

May 15—Mrs. Price didn't laugh once at lunch.

May 20—Miss McLeod tipped the scales at 165 pounds.

June 7—Mrs. Campbell was cross with the kindergarten.

June 14—Miss McHattie couldn't come to Closing. She is quoted as saying, "I had no shoes to wear."

June 30—Mrs. Munroe was heard to sigh, "It's so quiet around here—I wish all the girls were back again."

## TEACHERS COME AND TEACHERS GO, BUT—

RIVERBEND goes on forever. Every year somebody else leaves just as she has made a place for herself in the ways and hearts of Riverbenders. At the time of farewell there are always solemn promises of correspondence and keeping up of acquaintances in the future. Some write faithfully,—some make a good beginning,—and the rest,—well, just don't write at all. It is for the benefit of the latter that this column is intended. Then it is safe to say that you may all go too (surely you haven't written all of them). So here goes:

Miss Coralie Fraser's married name is Mrs. Godfrey Lomas, and she lives in Chemainus, B.C. She has practically built her own house, has taken part in the B.C. badminton tournaments and is training her horse for the fall races.

Miss Josephine Sheffield lives in Lyndhurst, Ontario, but has been spending the year taking a librarian's course at McGill. She said that she had fallen completely back into the role of a pupil

again and even grumbled over assignments and tests. Nevertheless, her course included a trip to New York, Washington and Baltimore. Last summer she took a trip abroad to England and the continent.

Miss Gladys Coke is teaching night school at Daniel McIntyre, Winnipeg.

Miss Lorna McAdoo is teaching at Fairbridge Farm School at Duncan on Vancouver Island. She is planning to return to Ireland soon.

Miss Jean Connacher is now Mrs. Frank Le Blanc, has a baby boy, and is living in Ottawa this year.

Miss Kathleen Dunlop, or, rather, Mrs. R. Litch, is living in Toronto. She has a small son, Stanley, born last fall.

Miss Dorothy Rutherford is Mrs. J. A. Logan of Columbia, Mo., and also has a son, Douglas by name.

Miss Evelyn Shillington, now Mrs. L. M. A. Smith, is moving to South Africa with her daughter, Allison Joan,



and her husband who is a mining engineer.

Miss Verna Vaux, now Mrs. Ted Brecker, lives in Naperville, Ill. She is very busy, as she has just built a new home and is getting it all ready for the family (which includes young Donald) to move into.

Miss Gertrude Amies is Mrs. Stanley Laing of Winnipeg, and has two sons.

(Note—If you are interested, the last six mentioned above have pictures of

their children in the snapshot section).

This list by no means includes all the staff who have left us, but represents the ones with whom we have lately been in contact. Last year's magazine contains the names and addresses of those not here. Why not write to some? I'm sure they would be very glad to hear from you. Also I hope that this list does not grow too fast. It's fun seeing the teachers come, but it's no fun at all seeing them go.

C.B.

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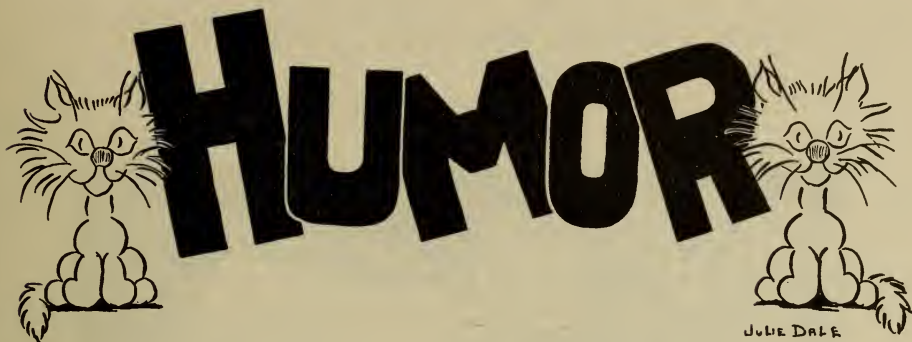
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### Vox Fluminis

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The school gets all the fame  
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And the staff gets all the blame!

\* \* \*

If Cleopatra made Mark Antony  
mark he was and Caesar made Brutus  
the brute he was, who made Lydia C.  
Pinkham the pill she was?

\* \* \*

### Heard at the Breakfast Table

Rossmo—"If a hen laid an orange  
what would her chicken say?"

MacCharles—"Look at the orange  
marmalade."

\* \* \*

### Joes of Being an Editor

Getting out this magazine is no picnic  
If we print jokes, people say we are  
silly,

If we don't they say we are too serious  
If we stick close to the job  
We ought to be hunting up news;  
If we don't print contributions  
We don't appreciate genius,  
And if we do print them, the magazine  
is filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other  
fellow's writeup, we are too critical,

If we don't, we're asleep:  
If we clip things from other magazines  
We are too lazy to write them ourselves,

If we don't, we are struck on our own  
stuff.

Now like as not some one will say we  
swiped this from some magazine—  
We did.—Editor.

Near-sighted Maureen (eating a box  
of looseleaf reinforcements) — "Well,  
by heck, these Life-Savers don't taste  
like they used to!"

\* \* \*

Miss Grant—"What did Juliet say to  
Romeo when she saw him in the balcony?"

E. Gray—"Why the dickens didn't  
you get seats in the orchestra?"

\* \* \*

Inebriated (bumping into lamp post)  
—"Excuse me, sir."

(Bumping into fire hydrant)—"Excuse  
me, little boy."

---(Bumping into second lamp post and  
falling down)—"I'll just sit here till  
the crowd passes."

\* \* \*

### Morning Exercises

1. Rise at 7.30 a.m.
2. Extend body flat downwards on  
the floor, cover eyes with hands, kick  
heels, think of History and Literature  
and weep till exhausted.
3. Kneel, wring hands, meditate upon  
undone French and Latin translation  
and groan 150 times.
4. Assume sitting position, hands on  
hips, sway gently to and fro, concentrating  
on Algebra and Physics until  
a generous frothing at the mouth sets  
in.
5. Collapse on the floor, groan vigorously,  
think of Geometry and Chemistry  
and gnash teeth in anger.

Note:—This simple routine observed  
every morning before breakfast will  
help dispel all fears of the coming  
day's work.



#### BRAN MUFFINS

- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup bran.
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  cup graham flour.
- $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt.
- 3 level teaspoons baking powder.
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar.
- 1 egg.
- 3 tablespoons melted Domestic Shortening.
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk.

Mix together the bran, graham flour, salt, baking powder and brown sugar. Add the egg, melted Domestic Shortening and milk to make a soft batter. Beat until thoroughly mixed. Half fill well greased muffin tins and bake 20-25 minutes in a hot oven (375° F.). Makes 12-14 muffins.

**DOMESTIC SHORTENING**  
PURELY VEGETABLE

Rossmé (reading a joke)—“Here’s a person who thinks a football coach has four wheels.”

Joyce J.—“Haw, haw! and how many wheels has it?”

\* \* \*

Miss MacKinnon—“Put your hand over your mouth when you yawn.”

Beverley—“What! and get bit?”

\* \* \*

Barbara—“I think my worst fault is vanity. I stand in front of the mirror for hours admiring my beauty.”

Phyll — “That’s not vanity. That’s imagination.”

\* \* \*

Gloria—“If you really love me, Bill, why doesn’t your chest go up and down like the men in the movies?”

\* \* \*

### In the Dead of Night

The great white moon shone overhead. A figure crept slowly over the hill and down into the field below. Farther and farther it crept until it had almost reached the spot. A slight noise—the figure arose like a shot. Were his enemies following him? Had that fatal moon given him away? No, all was quiet, and there was no one in sight. He began to dig, and as the hole deepened, his heart beat a tattoo against his ribs. Suppose he had chosen the wrong place, suppose someone had got there before him. Ah! there it was, safe and sound. Something white and shiny was drawn out, and with a loud bark of joy the dog raced away with his bone.

\* \* \*

Joyce Burns — “No pills, doctor, please; the coating wears off before they’re halfway down.”

\* \* \*

### Drama

Act I—Eskimo.

Act II—Eskimo and Polar Bear.

Act III—Eskimo and fur coat.

\* \* \*

Jimmy Colyer — “Say, Ann, can I hang up one of your stockings on Christmas Eve?”

Anne—“Why mine?”

Jimmy—“So’s I can see what I got without getting out of bed.”

“Dear Miss Carter,” wrote Mrs. Kipp, “don’t whip Maria. She isn’t used to it. We never hit her at home except in self-defence.”

\* \* \*

June—“I hear Phyllis Hunter is working after school every night.”

Mary Elizabeth—“Isn’t it a fright what some people will do for money.”

\* \* \*

Miss McInnis—“Why are there so many rocks in Sweden?”

Kathleen — “A glacier brought them.”

Miss McInnis — “Where’s the glacier?”

Kathleen — “Gone back for more rocks.”

\* \* \*

Eileen—“I never associate with my inferiors, do you?”

Chester—“I don’t know. I’ve never met any of your inferiors.”

\* \* \*

Miss Stuart—“Maureen, don’t sit there doing nothing! Practise!

Maureen—“I am. I’m practising the rests.”



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INCORPORATED 27<sup>th</sup> MAY 1870.

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Treasurer—Eleanor MacInnes .....	798 Grosvenor .....	45 646
Sports' Captain—June Lear .....	187 Yale Ave .....	46 476
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Kitty Parker .....	708 Dorchester Avenue .....	42 018
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Joan Heaslip .....	Red Rock, Ontario	
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Barbara South .....	92 Niagara Street .....	401 163
Ruth Wilkinson .....	239 Niagara Street .....	403 450
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Nancy Smith .....	100 Waterloo Street .....	402 671

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Miss Helen McInnis .....	211 Oak Street .....	403 807
Miss Gwendoline Andrews .....	Lytchett, Broomleaf Corner, Farnham, Surrey.	

## GARRY HALL

<i>Name</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Telephone</i>
Head—Catherine Bingeman .....	342 Dromore Avenue .....	41 088
Secretary—Marguerite McDonald .....	52 Balmoral Place .....	33 316
Treasurer—Anna May Coghill .....	Ste. 4 Bradeen Apts. ....	33 753
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Miss Marjorie Edgar .....	Harriston, Ontario.
Miss Mary McLeod .....	Ste. 5, Lancaster Apts., Stradbroke Ave.
Miss Ainslie MacKinnon .....	31 Glenwood Avenue, Toronto 9.

**YORK HALL**

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Phyllis Hunter .....	63 Niagara Street .....	403 960
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## HOWLERS

### . . Riverbend's Included

Prose are men who play games for money, and are quite different from poets.

The centenary at the gate was very old.

He brought along the new precedent.

A cuckoo lays other birds' eggs in its own nest and *viva voce*.

A regular camouflage of articles greeted him as he stepped into the room.

The boy writhed with a contrite pain.

The man harassed the story over to himself carefully.

Mary had a little watch,  
One day she gulped it down;  
Now everywhere that Mary goes,  
Time marches on.

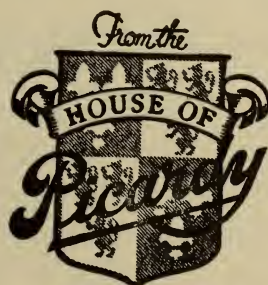
I dreamt that I died and to heaven did  
go,  
And where I had come from they  
wanted to know.  
When I said Riverbend, how St. Peter  
did stare.

"Come right in," he said, "you're the first one from there."

Miss Gregory—"Why don't you answer my question?"

Barbara — "I did, — I shook my head."

Miss Gregory—"Well, you can't expect me to hear it rattle from away up here, can you?"



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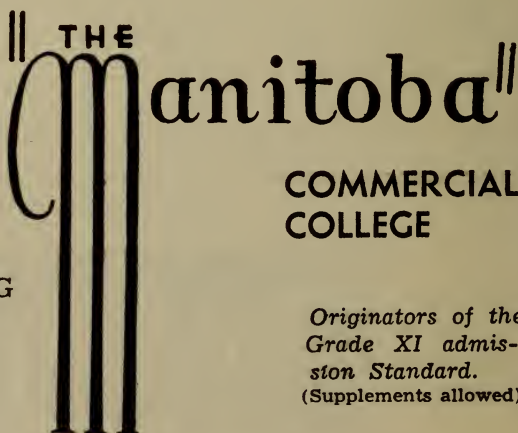
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	MANITOBA Commercial College	ALL OTHER Winnipeg Candidates	MANITOBA Students Obtained
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1936—Census Clerks .....	30%	8%	1st Place
1937—Stenographers .....	93%	40%	1st and 2nd Places
1938—Regular Clerks .....	60%	27%	Two 1st Places
<b>Four Years' Average</b> .....	<b>67.5%</b>	<b>27.25%</b>	

NOTE—These examinations should not be confused with the relatively small Provincial Examinations.

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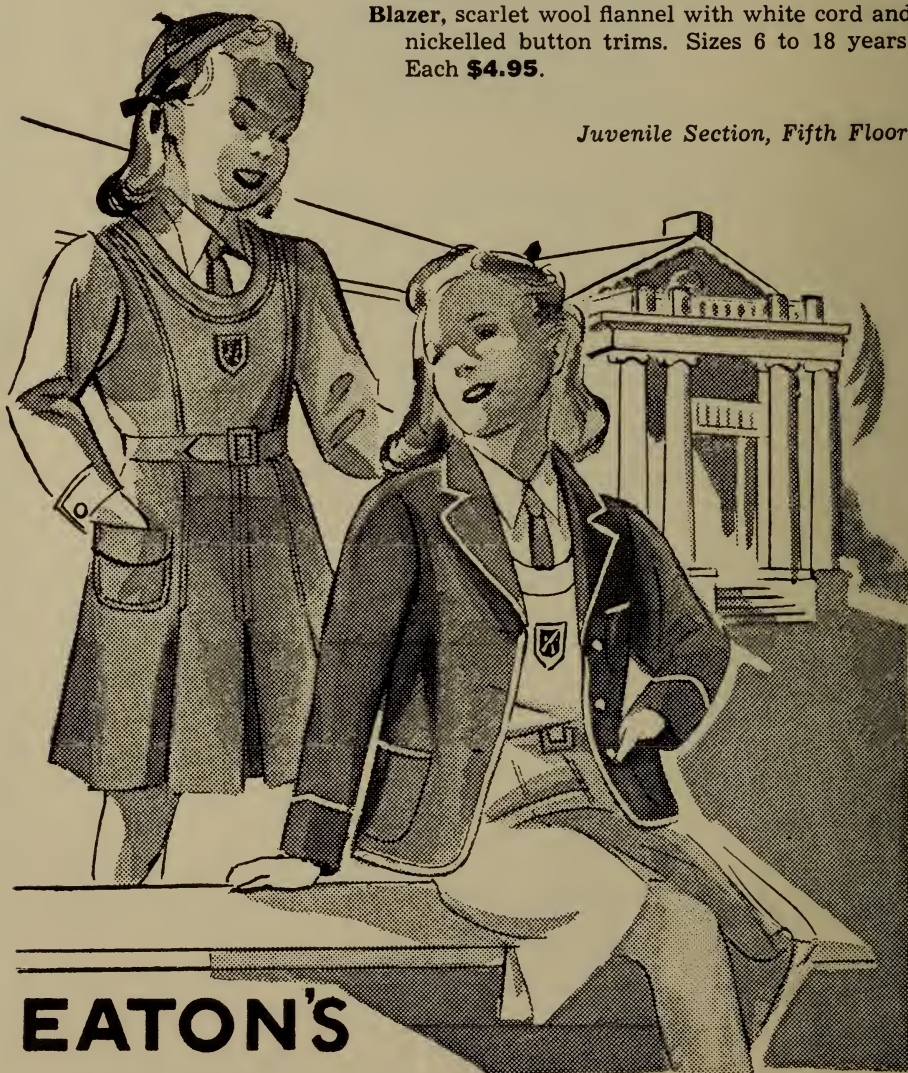
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